

THE REPUBLICAN.

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ALL MONTANDON TRAINS SNOW-BOUND TWO DAYS

Drifts and Freezing Weather Caused Traffic Blockade.

WORST IN SEVEN YEARS

The most disastrous tie-up of railroad and highway traffic of the winter in this section resulted from the terrific freeze that swept over the country Sunday night. Bad as conditions were on Monday they were made many times worse Tuesday morning when the mercury dropped to from 20 to 24 below zero.

Passenger and freight traffic collapsed, while rural mail deliveries were abandoned for the time being. On Monday the rural delivery carrier through the Nittany valley territory managed to get to Zions, but there was forced back by impassable roads. High winds on Monday piled the snow in high banks everywhere and the State highway from Belleville toward Lock Haven was closed at and beyond the Thomas Beaver farm, just outside of town.

The Lewisburg & Tyrone branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, now known as a part of the Williamsport Division, suffered the worst smash-up since 1910. The afternoon passenger train out of Belleville for Sunbury stalled in high snow drifts at Centre Hall Monday afternoon and was still tied up there on Tuesday. The afternoon train toward Belleville on the same branch met a similar fate near Coburn, but finally managed to limp into Centre Hall. There passengers on the two trains were forced to disembark and secure lodging in the Centre Hall hotel, the railroad company paying the expense. A relief train with 117 of a crew, was hurried out from Sunbury Monday to dig the two stalled trains out of the snow, but it got no further than Mifflinsburg, where deep snow drifts blocked the way.

Tuesday afternoon witnessed seven big locomotives at Centre Hall wrestling with the situation. Running out of coal and water it was necessary to draw the fires of two locomotives Monday night and both were "dead" with the machinery frozen tight Tuesday morning. A mammoth snow plow that for a time on Monday afternoon was able to make some progress through the snow finally stuck fast during the night and another was ordered from Tyrone. Tuesday morning found seven locomotives, two of them out of commission, at Centre Hall. Additional engines were summoned from Renovo and Northumberland to lend assistance. No attempt was made to move passenger or freight traffic over the branch until Tuesday night.

Large Barn Destroyed.

Friday evening about 6 o'clock the large sales barn of Gates Brothers, located about one and a half miles west of Wadell, was destroyed by fire, entailing a heavy loss. It was one of the largest barns in Buffalo Run Valley. Stewart Gates went to the haymow to throw down hay when the lantern he had in his hand exploded, and it was a miracle he was not burned to death. He gave the alarm and did what he could to save the stock, but the flames made such rapid progress that eight horses and two cows were destroyed. It addition to this a large amount of grain and most of the farming implements went up in smoke.

Our New Quarters.

As has been announced the building now occupied by "The Republican" has been purchased by the Beatty Motor Co. It was up to us to find new quarters and after considering several locations we have leased the room on High Street recently occupied by Miss Marvin. These rooms are well fitted for our purpose and on or before April 1st we expect to occupy them. When we are through we expect to have an up-to-date printing establishment, fully equipped to do anything in the line of printing. Job work will be made a specialty and everything done to give general satisfaction. We hope to see all our old friends and make many additional ones.

RUBIN & RUBIN HERE MONDAY.

Rubin & Rubin, Harrisburg's leading eye specialists, will again be at their office at Mott's drug store, Belleville, Pa., Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 11th, 12th and 13th. Eyes examined free. Open evenings. Look on page 4 for the big ad. Kindly remember if you break your glasses they can be brought to our office at the drug store.

Fire at Williamsport.

Word reached Belleville Tuesday that several business blocks, near Market square, were burning, the fire working toward the river.

U. S. Transport Sunk 267 Reported Lost

Confirmation was received today from the Williamsport "Sun" of the sinking of an American transport at 11 o'clock Wednesday night off the coast of Ireland by a German submarine. There were 2,179 on board, of which number 267 are reported lost.

GROCERS CUT DELIVERIES

Not More Than One Trip to House Each Day is New Arrangement.

Monday evening the Retail Grocers' Association, of Belleville, held a meeting at which considerable important business was transacted, among which an action taken with reference to the free delivery of goods. The following was passed unanimously and it should be carefully perused:

"The Retail Grocers Association of Belleville wish to call attention to a matter that concerns both yourselves and us and which we think is of first importance just at this time. We refer to the free delivery system. You may not have given the subject much attention but those who are capable of judging and, after careful examination, are of the opinion that the system (or rather lack of system) as now conducted by us cannot long endure. If it is not reformed and carefully systematized it will soon break down under its own weight.

"There are now more than twenty firms delivering food and household supplies to the people of Belleville and adjacent territory. This requires the whole or a large part of the time of from twenty to twenty-five men, which, with the cost of gasoline, other incidentals, and the up-keep of trucks, is now costing more than fifteen thousand dollars a year for the one item of free delivery in a comparatively small neighborhood. We think this is a higher cost and more elaborate service than is rendered in any community of equal size. We think you will readily recognize the need of reform. We have no thought of laying down any arbitrary rules, but we appeal to you as friends and patrons to give us your help and co-operation; alone we could hardly succeed, but with your approval and help we cannot fail.

"Our proposed plan is that all orders received up to 9 o'clock a. m., each day will be delivered not later than 12 o'clock noon; all orders received up to 3 p. m. will be delivered not later than 6 p. m.; this to include but one delivery to any house on the same day. This may at first sight seem like a severe curtailment of service, but it certainly is fair and reasonable. The United States Government has in contemplation a far more radical reduction in the delivery service than the plan we propose and we think it would be wise that both parties co-operate and try to maintain the service as herein proposed.

"It is our purpose to put this plan into operation Monday, February 11th. We hope and trust we may receive your cordial approval and co-operation in this matter.

Yours to help win the war."

Look After Your Chimneys.

Burgess W. Harrison Walker, of Belleville, received notice recently from the state fire marshal that the local fire department should be in readiness to respond to an alarm of fire which might come at any time. The closing down of the steam heating plant necessitates using chimneys that have not been in service for years. There might be some defects in them that would cause a fire. The people of the town should be very cautious in this matter and see that the chimneys are in good condition before starting fire in the stoves. Don't neglect this word of caution.

We Can't Do It.

We have been repeatedly asked why "The Republican" does not publish letters from soldier boys who are now in the different camps. We will admit that it is good news but this is practically a thing of the past. A recent order from Washington prohibits enlisted men from acting as correspondents for home papers.

A Big Blaze at Tyrone.

Monday at noon a big conflagration took place at Tyrone when seven families were made homeless in less than an hour. The old skating rink, on Lincoln Avenue, which had been made into tenement houses, caught fire from a defective stove. The entire property was destroyed, entailing a heavy loss.

Joe Pritchard's Heavy Loss.

Fire Tuesday night destroyed Joe Pritchard's garage at Phillipsburg. Seventy-six automobiles, his livery barn and contents were destroyed. Many of the automobiles were in storage. The estimated net loss is \$50,000.

INCOME TAX ADVISER NOW AT COURT HOUSE

Don't Fail to Consult with Him Regarding Your Case.

REMAINS UNTIL FEB. 16

Frank L. Dershem, of Lewisburg, representing the U. S. Government, is in town for two weeks to assist Centre Countians fill out returns for the payment of income tax. Mr. Dershem will remain here until Saturday of next week. He may be interviewed daily in the Grand Jury Room in the Court House. For your own good, if you have any doubt as to whether you are liable for an income tax, see him about the matter. There is no charge for the assistance.

If you are single or if married and not living with your wife (or husband), and your income is \$1,000 or over, you must pay an income tax. If you are married and your income is \$2,000 or over you must pay a tax. In such cases you must file a return on or before March 1st with the Collector of Internal Revenue for this district. Payment of your tax must be made on or before June 15th of this year.

Every return filed must be sworn to before a notary public, justice of the peace, or other person authorized to administer oaths. For making a fraudulent return there is a penalty not exceeding \$2,000 or not exceeding one year's imprisonment, or both, and in addition 100 per cent. of the tax evaded. If you fail to make your return on time the penalty is not less than \$20 nor more than \$100, and, in addition, 50 per cent. of the amount of tax due. For failing to pay tax when due the penalty is 5 per cent. of the amount unpaid, plus 1 per cent interest for each full month during which it remains unpaid.

Mr. Dershem desires that particular attention be called to the fact that an employer in addition to filing out his own return must fill out a separate blank giving the name and address of each employee whose income from such employer is \$800 or over a year. Blanks for this purpose will be furnished or mailed on request.

For the man or woman who works for a salary and therefore knows to a certainty his or her exact income it is a simple matter to determine whether he or she is affected by the income tax law. Where persons are engaged in business, however, it becomes a more complicated matter. Hence the importance of a personal interview with Mr. Dershem at the earliest opportunity.

OFF TO CAMP MEADE.

Third Group of Centre Countians Sent to Training Camp Today.

The third group of Centre Countians drafted for military service was sent to Camp Meade at 6:05 o'clock today. Orders to send a few additional men were received by the local Exemption Board late last week. Of the Centre county quota departed today were William Earl Mosser, of Lemont; Howard A. Dunlap, of Port Matilda, R. F. D.; Alvin Bobb, of Oak Hall, and Amos Fye, of Wadell. Notice was sent to Ralph Lee, of Spring Mills, located at New Orleans, La., to report today at Camp Meade.

With the group that departed today were Fred Yarnell and John G. Ishler, transferred from Detroit, Michigan. The first named is a son of Sheriff and Mrs. George H. Yarnell and has been located at Detroit for some time. Ishler's home is at Lemont.

These are sixteen additional men to be sent to Camp Meade to complete Centre County's quota of 117. They will likely go about the middle of February.

Please Take Notice.

All Germans in Belleville and Centre county must register with the postmaster in the various communities throughout the county. The registering began last Monday and it will go on until every German alien has performed the act. This is according to a proclamation issued by President Wilson. Those who fail to register will be fined and interned.

Jumped on Shovel Handle.

James Fye, an employee of the McCoy & Linn Iron Co., was painfully injured on Monday. He had unloaded some articles from a wagon and before alighting tossed a shovel into the snow, the handle remaining upright. Not noticing where he was stepping he jumped onto the shovel handle. He sustained extremely painful bruises about the hips.

Advertise in the Republican

MANY HOMES IN DISTRESS DUE TO LACK OF HEAT

Freezing Weather Follows Closing of Steam Plant.

COAL FAMINE IS ACUTE

Belleville during the past week faced the most acute heating condition in the history of the town, due to the closing last Saturday of the steam heat at a time when freezing weather prevailed and the local coal supply was lower than at any other period of the winter. A number of residences were left with no heating equipment when the town steam was stopped and in some instances the occupants have been in no little distress. In a few cases residents were able to snap up the limited number of boilers that happened to be on hand or within hauling distance, but such instances were exceptional. Frozen and broken water pipes in homes and business places demanded so much attention by plumbers that the installation of boilers was retarded and as a consequence in many residences a condition existed that brought about no end of discomfort and danger of illness, especially to aged persons. Even now moderation in the weather is the only hope entertained if many residents are to find relief.

The coal famine, bad as it has been all winter, became more acute with the latter part of last week. Lots of coal was reported within a few miles of destination, but the local yards were unable to get hold of it and consequently deliveries from the supply on hand were cut to absolutely necessary domestic orders. For the third successive week deliveries were made on Sunday, and for the most part just a basket or two to a patron. For a period of four or five days there was no anthracite coal at the local yards.

Three or four cars of anthracite were due to arrive here on Monday but were held up by the snow-blockaded passenger trains at Centre Hall. The Winton & Son yard had two cars of bituminous coal on Monday. The Fuel & Supply Co., with five or six cars of bituminous enroute and within fifty miles of destination, was compelled to borrow bituminous coal from the State-Centre Electric Co., on Monday and Tuesday and haul it to Belleville where it was divided into small lots and distributed for domestic use.

The Whittier quarries had to bank their fires owing to the scarcity of coal. The company has a dozen or more cars enroute, but with no information to be had as to when they might arrive. Until the situation clears up it is likely that the company will draw the fires at a number of the kilns.

The Belleville public schools have been open all week and will continue in session just as long as coal can be secured.

The most discouraging feature in the general coal famine is the unofficial information that pronounced moderation in the weather must come quickly if a government order is not to be issued shutting down all manufacturing plants and applying such coal as may be secured to domestic use. The scarcity of cars has been eliminated and conditions at the mines are greatly improved as compared with a few weeks ago, but continued freezing weather has so seriously crippled motive power that the railroads cannot move trains.

A Generous Act.

The Beatty Motor Co., of Belleville, seeing that their neighbor, the Democratic Watchman, needed help offered to put them on their steam boiler in the Palace Garage. The offer was accepted and the Watchman building, including the office of the Belleville Central Railroad Co., is being heated. There are other places in Belleville where the same accommodations could be offered and it would be quickly accepted. If people in Belleville ever needed help in this way it is now. Those who have large enough boilers in their cellars should, in this hour of great extremity, be generous enough to divide up. If might be the means of saving some one from a premature grave.

Plending for Coal.

Perhaps the coldest of the winter was Tuesday morning. The thermometer did not register the lowest, but the wind was what made the cold almost unbearable. The situation became more alarming when it became known there was no coal in the town. A representative of The Republican spent a few minutes at the office of the Fuel & Supply Co., Tuesday morning, when he heard men and women call George Waite on the 'phone and make a pitiable plea for something to keep them warm.

NEW FLOUR RULES

Substitutes for Wheat in Like Amounts Required in Future.

For the guidance of all dealers in flour in Centre county I herewith submit the latest federal requirements covering the sale of same. The attention of all dealers in the commodity is respectfully called to its provisions with the request that they adhere strictly to them until further orders are promulgated.

W. FRED REYNOLDS,
Food Administrator
for Centre County.

Col. W. Fred Reynolds,
Belleville, Pa.

Please arrange to give the following wide publicity in your first local papers published:

To all dealers in food products and to the consuming public in the State of Pennsylvania.

The President of the United States has by proclamation called upon the American people to further aid in the conservation of our wheat supply and other food staples to such an extent as will enable the continued support of our armies and the armies and civilian populations of those countries associated with us in the war. Pursuant to this proclamation the United States Food Administration has issued instructions limiting the sale of wheat flour by the trade to the ratio of one pound of wheat substitute to each pound of flour purchased; the rule to be strictly observed by all wholesale and retail dealers in food unless modified by such specific written authority as might be granted in exceptional cases by State Administrators because of a general shortage of wheat substitutes and difficulties and delays incident to transportation. The proposed ratio of sale was temporarily modified in this State. The authorities at Washington now, however, believe that ample time has been afforded the trade to renew and replenish stock of the wheat substitutes to sufficient extent to henceforth permit the full operation of the government regulation even though such operation may still for a time be attended by inconvenience in some localities and establishments. The need for wheat conservation is so serious as to demand instant co-operation on the part of the entire public.

It is accordingly ordered that beginning Monday, February fourth, and continuing until further notice, all dealers in wheat flour either wholesale or retail will be permitted to sell it only in combination with other recognized wheat substitutes. The minimum ratio of one pound of wheat substitute to each one pound of wheat flour sold unless it is first definitely determined that wheat substitutes in equivalent quantities have been previously purchased from another source. For the present a written and signed declaration by flour purchaser within the trade will be considered sufficient evidence on which to base this determination. Cereals to be recognized as wheat substitutes are corn meal, cornstarch, corn flour, rice, rice flour, oatmeal, rolled oats, buckwheat flour, potato flour, sweet potato flour, soy bean flour, feterita flours and meals, and no others except that rye may be used until March 3. In counties federal food administrators are charged with the duty of seeing that these regulations are strictly observed by the trade and will promptly report violations to the State Administrator. This is a necessary war measure and appeal is made to the public for patriotic acceptance of the condition imposed even though inconvenience in the purchase of any flour by fact of temporary trade shortage of substitute materials.

HEINZ,
Federal Food Administrator
for Pennsylvania.

Government Seeds for Distribution.

Through the courtesy of Hon. C. H. Rowland we have received a limited number of packages of government seeds, and as long as they last will be distributed to those who call at our office. The seeds are of the vegetable variety, and will come in handy when war gardens are started in the spring. Let only adults call for them. Don't send children. If post office address is furnished seeds will be mailed.

Arm Amputated.

Some time ago Russell Schenck, son of Hayes Schenck, of Howard, had the misfortune of having his right arm injured by the cars. He was taken to the Lock Haven hospital with the hope that the arm could be saved. However, it was finally decided to amputate it at the shoulder. It is certainly a very unfortunate affair.

Live Stock of Centre County.

The State Department of Agriculture, at Harrisburg, has just issued a weekly press bulletin, showing that the total value of live stock in Pennsylvania is placed at \$160,863,653.

UNION TWP. AGED MAN FOUND DEAD IN SNOW

William Irvin Collapsed in Road Near Poor Farm.

DUE TO HEART FAILURE

William Thomas Irvin, of Union Township, an inmate of the Union Township poor farm, was found dead Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 27th, 1918, between 3 and 4 o'clock, in the lane that leads from the house, on the poor farm, to the main road leading up Bald Eagle from Unionville to Julian. He had not been feeling well and went to Unionville where he consulted Dr. W. U. Irvin who gave him the needed medicine. He left the doctor's office and conversed with a number of citizens as he passed along the street. He called at the home of his son and then started home. On the way he met Philip Straw with a sled who invited him to ride. On reaching the lane going to the house on the poor farm, Mr. Irvin got off the sled and started home. When half way between the road and the house he fell over in the snow and passed away very suddenly.

A short time afterward he was found by some passers-by who at once notified Coroner Dr. John Sebring, of Belleville. He being too busy to answer the call at once telephoned to Justice of the Peace Walter Tallhelm, of Julian, and deputized him to go down and act in his place. Justice Tallhelm was soon on the scene and found the unfortunate man lying in the snow. On making an examination he found \$1.65 in a purse in his pocket and his watch was running. An inquest was held and the verdict was that he came to his death from natural causes, probably apoplexy. The deceased was the son of Thomas Irvin and was born in Union Township. He was 77 years of age and well-known in the community in which he resided. His wife is in the hospital at Danville and he is survived by a daughter, Mrs. M. J. Irvin. The funeral took place Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

Six Months for Robbery.

Joe Woods, arrested on Friday of last week charged with stealing about \$70 in cash and a watch from a boarding house at Orviston, entered a plea of guilty and was sentenced on Saturday by Judge Quigley to pay a fine of \$25 and serve six months in jail. Woods is a laborer and came with a number of others from Buffalo to work at Orviston. After stealing the money and watch he fled to Cato, where he boarded a train. He was intercepted at Monaca and arrested. He was lodged in the Lock Haven jail over night and then brought to Belleville. The watch was found on his person but he had no money. Finally he admitted that while in the Lock Haven jail he had secreted the stolen money under a mattress in his cell. Sheriff Yarnell communicated with the Clinton County officials, who found the money and forwarded it to Belleville. Of the amount stolen all but what Woods used for a railroad ticket and some tobacco was recovered.

Augustine Menco, a Mexican, was arrested and lodged in jail here charged with taking a pocketbook from Miss Sarah Solomon at Phillipsburg on Friday of last week. Menco has been in and about Sandy Ridge for some time past.

Roman Ciderick, an Italian, who recently shot Larva Barsauschik, at South Phillipsburg, was brought to the Belleville jail late last week. The condition of his victim, who was shot in the eye, has become such as to make her recovery a matter of doubt.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses:

Noah M. Hahn	Pine Grove Mills
Mary C. Cox	Blanchard
Earl L. Conway	Woodland
Eugene Derbique	Phillipsburg
Irvin R. Miller	State College
Olivia E. Gentzel	"
Gurney R. Boob	Millheim
Mildred B. Maize	"
Henry W. Brimmer	Rock View
Bertha A. Hayes	Belleville
John Koschak	Clarence
Bertha Smalko	"
Harry Howe	Phillipsburg
Madeline Smith	"

32 Inch Ice.

Ice thirty-two inches thick is being cut at the Howard dam, the thickest known in the memory of the oldest inhabitants of that section of the county. The old race that years ago provided power for the Howard rolling mill is frozen to the bottom.

Buddy's Ghost

By Walter Joseph Delaney

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Eight o'clock, Buddy—time for bed," remarked Mr. Holton.

"I don't want to go yet, Pa. Please can't I stay up till Jimmy is ready?"

"No, Buddy; Jimmy has his lessons to get and it may take him two hours."

"Well, can't somebody come up in the hall with a light and wait till I get undressed?" pleaded Buddy.

"Why, Buddy! Whatever is the matter with you this evening? You've fidgeted around for the last hour as if you were on a hot griddle," spoke his mother.

"Huh! Should think I would!" muttered Buddy.

"He can't get his snowhouse in the yard off'n his mind," piped Jimmy.

"He's been going to the window to look out at it every two minutes."

Buddy's eyes expressed a queer glare, for just now he was distinctly edging away from the window. His splinter aunt, Miss Cordelia, spoke up in her kind, patient way:

"Perhaps Buddy is worrying for fear a thaw will come and undo all his hard work on his Esquimaux hut."

"No, I ain't," dissented the lad mumbly.

"Well, Buddy, I'll come and sit in the old lumber room next to yours and



Resembled Some Rugged Laplander.

set the lamp in the hall till you get tucked in and sound asleep."

"I wouldn't humor the boy that way, if I were you, sister," said Buddy's mother.

"Oh, boys have their nervous whims, just like us older ones," replied tolerant and indulgent Aunt Cordelia.

The good soul was right, and Buddy made a confidant of her as they went up the stairs.

"Aunt Cordelia, they'd all tease me but you, and laugh at me, but I saw a ghost out of the window in the yard."

"Oh, Buddy!" rallied his aunt.

"Yes, sir, twice!" asserted Buddy in an awesome way.

"Nonsense, Buddy! What particular shape did this wandering spirit of yours take?"

"He was an Esquimaux," asserted Buddy, solemnly. "He had a big bear-skin robe all over him. First he was dodging behind the ice hut we built yesterday. Next time I saw him at the window. He had his face close to the pane and he was looking in. He was looking straight at you, oh, sure he was!"

"Dear me!" fluttered Aunt Cordelia, with a little shiver. She had no belief in ghosts, but Buddy's gressiveness had begun to affect her. "It was probably some of your playmates dressed up in the old buffalo robe your father loaned you," she said. "Come, Buddy, pop into bed now," and she placed the lamp at the head of the stairs so that it shed its rays into Buddy's room. Then Miss Cordelia went down the hall and entered an old storeroom and went to the window and looked out at the snowhouse, and swept the garden space with her glance.

"What foolish notions children get," she murmured. "Oh, coming in here reminds me I must get another hank of yarn," added this indefatigable knitter.

She fumbled around on the shelf where she supposed a certain box containing the yarn was located, and could not find it in the dark. Going to the door she took a match out of a box tacked to its inside frame, kept always full. Aunt Cordelia flared the match, found the yarn and dropped the match as Buddy called out, in a tone muffled because he probably was hiding his head under the bedclothes:

"All right, Auntie—I'm in."

As the last member of the family went upstairs to bed there crept out through the small semicircular door of the snowhouse a human figure. It was that of a man who was enveloped

in the buffalo robe and resembled some rugged Laplander. He edged to the shelter of some trees and stood there motionless. His eyes were fixed on the window of the only one of the upper rooms which had a light in it. It was that of Aunt Cordelia. She came to the window in full view and pulled down the shade. The watcher uttered a deep sigh. Now he retreated towards the hut and sat down on a snow hummock.

"They have all gone to bed," he soliloquized. "It's safe for me to venture. She has left the window up from the bottom a few inches for ventilation, and the space is big enough to pass the letter through."

The man now removed the robe from his shoulders, thrust it out of view inside the snow hut and took from his pocket a sealed envelope. This he placed between his teeth, approached the house and began a hand-over-hand, careful and noiseless ascent of a broad trellis which very nearly traversed the entire side of the house. Inch by inch he clambered, until his face was opposite the open window space. He freed one hand to remove the letter from his teeth and slipped it through the aperture.

The stranger was about to descend when a sudden glow crossed his face. It died down, then suddenly it flared up more brilliantly than before. Curious, and at the same time somewhat startled, the man threw back his head to obtain a clearer range of vision. It was to discover a heap of rubbish in the storeroom which Aunt Cordelia had visited two hours previous bursting in to a blaze.

The man was deft and agile. He rapidly marked a course sideways towards the window of the lumber room. The smoldering and blazing heaps in the apartment told him that there was no casual problem to deal with. He braced his feet as he got directly opposite the window. He could not lift the sash from the outside.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" he yelled at the top of his voice, intent on arousing the sleeping inmates of the house. Then he gave his body a forcible, forward lurch. It impelled him through the lower frame of the window with a heavy crash, carrying the splintered sash with him.

The man landed on the floor inside amid a shower of putty, glass and wood. He was speedily on his feet. He kept up his shouting, but doubly active the while. Some smoking bits of carpet he lifted and flung through the window out upon the snow-covered ground. A mass of old papers and magazines the stuff had covered burst forth into vivid flame. He was scorched, half blinded, breathless, but he kept on throwing out the blazing rubbish about him.

Now he wavered and uttered choking gasps. He felt that the smoke, cinders and heat were about to overcome him. He was about to abandon the unequal battle when he noticed two tin-jacketed cans, the outside of which were smoking and shooting out spasmodic streaks of flame.

"Kerosene, gasoline!" he panted desperately, and dashed at them. One after the other they hurtled through the window. Then a great blaze of light outside and an echoing explosion. The brave fire-fighter staggered towards the door. He threw the weight of his powerful frame against it. The door gave way. He went with it prostrate in the hall, and over him, attracted to the spot by his warning cries and the accompanying commotion, stumbled Mr. Porter.

Then the calls of the latter brought all hands under the roof to the scene. It was an exciting five minutes, while Mr. Porter beat out the flames and the other members of the household brought water and dashed it on the dying embers.

Mr. Porter carried the insensible man on his shoulders into a vacant bedroom. At a glance he saw that this incidental savor of his property, and probably of life, was seriously burned. Buddy hurried on his clothes and ran for a doctor.

It was daylight when Aunt Cordelia found the letter lying on the floor of her room. She opened it to regard its contents with dilating eyes and a quickly paling face. A romance five years dead, the details of which she had never imparted to a single soul, was revived with a strangeness and force that made her sway to the point of fainting.

"I am all through with the drink," it read. "I am a changed man, have made my way in the world and am driven to see you, if only at a distance, once more. Of course you have long since forgotten me, but if my penitence and my redemption appeal to you in the slightest degree send me a single line to the address I give and I will hasten to see you openly."

What her answer would be, the glowing eyes, the kiss she bestowed upon those cherished written lines, her tears, presaged clearly. She was called by her brother into the hall.

"The doctor says our patient will be all right in a day or two, and is comfortably resting now," Mr. Porter said. "Will you sit by him, Cordelia, until mother gets breakfast over?"

Randolph Waters looked up from the couch upon which he lay as Cordelia entered the room. She made no pretense of affection, or shyness, or aversion.

"Randolph!" she said, and sat down beside him and caressed the bandaged hand. "You were the ghost little Buddy saw at the window? You just in time discovered the fire my carelessness caused?"

He smiled an assent, hope and comfort compassing him. She leaned towards him and kissed him on the cheek.

"That is the answer to your letter," said Aunt Cordelia simply.

TALES FROM BIG CITIES

Asks "Why Wait?" When One Feels Love's Impulse

LOS ANGELES.—After waiting 30 years before proposing to the sweetheart of his youth, Calvin Mitchell, now fifty-eight years old, feels competent to advise bashful suitors, and that advice is to "speed up." During the 30 years mentioned Mr. Mitchell has been a prospector in California, with a residence here. Then one day, all of a sudden like, he realized his love was not dead, and forthwith he sent a query to Mrs. Katherine Gordon, 4016 North Pauline street.

"Will you marry me?" he asked.

At 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon the knot was tied by Elder R. F. Mallott of the Maywood Church of Christ. Mr. Mitchell has a mysterious manuscript which he calls "The Crater of Gold." In it he urges bashful suitors not to wait until they are gray for a marriage ceremony. Girl stenographers also he advises to make the most of the opportunities in their offices.

For example, read of Annie, who typed an "Air Castle" in the "Crater of Gold."

"Mother, I have fallen in love with Mr. Zackley, my employer. I could not help it. As I thought I had no chance to win his love and didn't wish to embarrass our relations, I haven't let him suspect my love. I might give way to tears and reveal my love; I fear to return to the office."

"My dear child," replied her mother, "you are sweet and sincere. You have been doing your work so well it may be that Mr. Zackley loves you. Being an honorable man, he is afraid to declare himself for fear of a refusal. Such men would rather face a cannon's mouth than a thundering 'No' from a woman."

"If you love him, my advice is that you go back to the office tomorrow and do not act so formal. Place your hand on his arm carelessly, let a little love light shine in your eyes and say in a cheerful voice, 'I am ready for work again, Mr. Zackley.'"

"Instead of cultivating a deferential demeanor assume a companionable attitude. This will break the ice. If Mr. Zackley has serious intentions he will meet you half way and soon both of you will be happy in each other's love."

Surely Here Is Story of Prize Bone-Headed Thief

CLEVELAND.—Joe Elko, 507 South Sangamon street, wishes the emperor of Austria, his former lord and master of his soul, would hang an iron cross on Cleveland's prize bone-headed thief. A generous mood prompts Joe's thought, for he has his old shoes back—also the \$885 he had cached in one of them.

Joe came from Austria a few years ago to the land of liberty. He soon found he was at liberty to work on the railroads as a construction laborer and he has been juggling ties, handling shovels and driving spikes with more or less freedom ever since.

It was a fond notion with Joe that some time he would bring his wife to America. Recently he revised his plan to read "when the war is ended." He saved his money until he had \$885 in bills, real honest to goodness currency of the good old U. S. A. He had been living in the suburbs. He decided to broaden his field of labor and came to Cleveland. So he came, his worldly possessions in his arms. It was no difficulty to move—he had his extra pants and sweater in one parcel, and his old shoes in the other. His savings he had tucked in the toe of one shoe.

On a preceding visit he had secured a lodging place at the Sangamon street address. Joe found the right building, but he inadvertently stepped into the wrong hallway—the one at 509 Sangamon street. He knocked at the door, and, receiving no response, laid down his bundles and went to the rear, with which he was better acquainted.

Joe had no difficulty in finding the rear entrance at 507. He went upstairs, passed through the flat and went on the front landing. The bundles were not there.

Joe was troubled, but decided to sleep over it. Then he informed Detective Sergeants Joyce and Smith of the police.

It turned out that the detectives' deductions were correct, for they found the shoes in a pawnshop. And the money, all unconscious of its danger, was still in its hiding place.

Authorities Had to Disturb This Young Girl's Plan

NEW YORK.—A servant in the employ of Mrs. Alfred Duane Pell, wife of the rector of the Church of the Resurrection, answered a ring at the door of the Pell home at 22 West Fifty-third street and admitted a well-dressed

girl who said she wanted to see Mrs. Pell at once. She rose and bowed very formally when Mrs. Pell entered the room a few minutes later.

"My name, madam," she said, "is Bertha Livingston, nineteen years old, unmarried, living in 25 East Ninety-ninth street. Do you recognize this madam?"

She held out a visiting card upon which was engraved "Alfred Duane Pell, D. D."

"It looks like one of my husband's visiting cards," said Mrs. Pell. She then scrutinized her caller closely. "It is that," said the girl. "I just stopped in to tell you that your husband and I are to be married in about an hour. I thought you might like to know about it."

The girl then calmly seated herself and said she guessed she'd have the rector perform the ceremony himself in the Pell home. Mrs. Pell called the East Fifty-first street police station. When Patrolman Geiman reached the Pell home, Miss Livingston jumped to her feet and exclaimed:

"Oh, look at the pretty cop! Now I guess we all go to the police station."

Patrolman Geiman took her to the station, where the lieutenant on duty telephoned Bellevue hospital for an ambulance.

The girl asked what they were going to do with her, and when she was told she would have to go to Bellevue for a while she laughed and said:

"Oh, I know. I'm going to be observed. Well, I'm not crazy, but go ahead and put me in the psychopathic ward. It'll be a fine psychological experiment."

Chose Festive Season to Give Up Life's Struggle

CHICAGO.—"Merry Christmas," said J. K. Kesel pleasantly to the clerk at the Marion hotel, as he left his key on the desk. He walked to the lake at the foot of Van Buren street, glanced at the cold, forbidding water a moment, and then plunged into it. The police recovered the body.

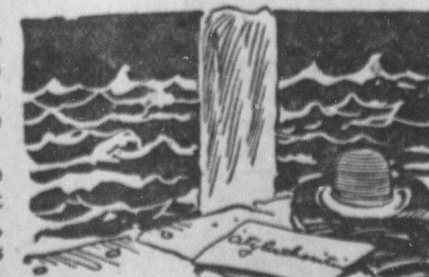
A letter addressed to the "City Authorities" was found in the man's clothing. It is believed financial difficulties had prompted Kesel to take his life. The letter read in part:

"My house is gone—so is the money. About the latter I wouldn't care, because I could make it again, and make it honest, too. But what's the use of suffering?"

"I knew I couldn't last very long, so I've been giving my money away, almost freely. Without mentioning my name I gave many and many a dollar to the shivering kids and cripples, and I contributed to all good purposes. My parents are suffering in poor Bohemia. I have not seen them for 25 years."

"Hurrah for Uncle Sam; free Bohemia, Belgium. Vive la France, Serbia, Cerna, Norn and the whole world's democracy."

"To h— with the kaiser."



What Well Dressed Women Will Wear



Evening Frocks for the Younger Set.

Although the evening dress—pure and simple—"simple" with a question mark—is more or less banished from the wardrobe of young matrons and maturer women, it is still allowed to the younger set.

Every girl is entitled to her share of the little joys of youth, and an evening dress means much in her young life. Naturally evening dress for the youthful is, or at least seems, simple.

Nobody wants to see "the girl he left behind him" sit down in dull apathy because her lad has gone to the war. If she is down-hearted, she must not proclaim it, and nothing will hearten her more than her share of pretty clothes. Besides the wheels of business must be kept going.

The lovely dancing frock shown in the picture is warranted to contain nothing that might be better used by the shivering French and Belgians. It is only a gracefully draped skirt of bright green satin under a bodice of green spangles and malines. From the right shoulder a long scarf of gauze is

shown, hanging to the floor. It is intended to be wrapped about the shoulders and arms when its wearer dances, or at any other time, except when she poses to show to admiring sisters how this brilliant frock is made.

The skirt is draped in folds that cascade over the hips and hangs in points at the bottom. The glittering bodice is of net incrustated with small green sequins and rhinestones. It is extended into points that end in a tassel over the hips and supported by two narrow straps of satin over each shoulder.

The pointed skirt allows a glimpse of light gray silk hose that match up well with silver slippers. Altogether this is a very brilliant affair, which can hardly be classed as magnificent, and is therefore the sort of frock for the young girl. It does not require the outlay of much money, and even the conscientious young matron might reconcile herself to indulgence in it. There is no reason for her to be down-hearted—not to the extent of falling to look her best occasionally—in a simple evening frock.



For Every Day and Summer Time.

Thrifty mothers who take advantage of winter days spent indoors to prepare for summer days spent outdoors will welcome these spring models in everyday summer dresses for little girls. They are made of the same reliable and familiar cotton goods that have made a place for themselves that nothing seems able to usurp. Striped gingham and plain chambray lend their established popularity to promote the success of the two practical little frocks illustrated. It almost goes without saying that nine out of ten dresses for the everyday wear of little folks are made of these fabrics.

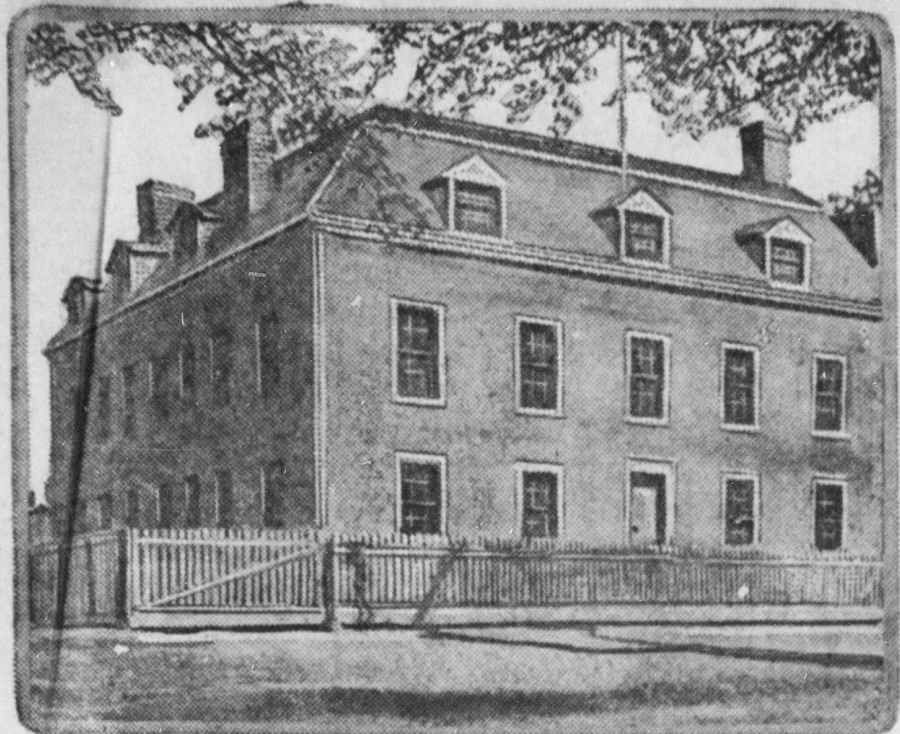
With materials a foregone conclusion mothers interest themselves in the little changes in style and methods of making that make a little variation in the story of children's frocks from season to season. So much attention has been given to new designs for spring that the youngsters' frocks are unusually interesting. The little model at the left is made, for the hardest wear, of tan-colored gingham with a blue stripe. Its business is to be strong and easy to launder and as little in the way of its small wearer as a dress may be. It has a plain yoke, fastened at the front with pearl buttons. Its el-

bow sleeves are finished with plain cuffs of white pique and a white pique collar helps to make this little frock dainty and fresh looking, when it starts on its lively career in the morning of a summer day.

The frock at the right has ambition of its own as a model to be chosen when the little miss is "dressed up." It will not need tubbing as often as the play dress, and has considerably more work involved in its making. It is of yellow, pink or blue plain chambray, with a smocked and scalloped yoke. The smocking is ornamented with cat-stitching in black and white cotton and this looks well with any of the colors chosen for the frock. It has a fancy collar of white pique with tabs fastened down by large pearl buttons sewed on with black thread. There are white pique cuffs and pockets finished with black and white cat-stitching. They are the delight of little ones. A small bow of narrow, black ribbon proclaims that this little frock is an affair of some importance in the world of little folks.

Julia Bottomley

OLDEST HOUSE in UNITED STATES



The Van Rensselaer House.

RENNELAER is a small city on the east bank of the Hudson river, opposite Albany, N. Y. Although it can boast of few attractions, it has the honor of possessing within its city limits the oldest building in the United States. There has been much talk of uniting these two cities and at some future date this old building may be found in Greater Albany.

As we stood in front of this old house (facing the river) one beautiful October afternoon we thought a more desirable location for a dwelling could not have been selected, writes Mrs. Halsey Hayford, in the *Utica Globe*. At our left we have a view for miles down the Hudson. Over at our right is the city of Albany, the upper portion of its \$27,000,000-dollar pile of marble (the capitol) being plainly visible.

This old mansion faces the southern part of Albany and what we see are old broken-down buildings along the docks, old black foundries, old ice houses, etc. It has been said that everything earthly has something to mar its perfection and we thought this view is not an exception.

We turned toward the house. It towers above the good-sized dwellings on either side and looks very much like a fort. Between the two front windows of our left is a bronzed tablet upon which is the following inscription:

SUPPOSED to be the
OLDEST BUILDING in the
UNITED STATES.
AND to have been erected in
1642 AS a manor house and
place of defense
KNOWN as FORT CRAILO.
GEN'L ABERCROMBIE'S head-
quarters
while marching to attack FORT
TICONDEROGA in 1758 where
it is said,
That at the cantonment east of
the house
Near the old well the army sur-
geon
R. SCHUCKBURG composed the
popular
song of YANKEE DOODLE.

We entered the small front hall in the middle of the house. Two doors opposite each other admit us into the two main rooms. At the back of the hall, at our left, is an unattractive staircase. The main rooms have old-fashioned fireplaces with wooden mantles ornamented with wreaths and garlands. Under each window is a seat. Back of the room at the left is a larger hall extending across the house, with a door at either end. The north door is made in two halves, upper and lower. Back of this hall is another good-sized room. All the rooms in this building are of good size and the ceilings are about nine feet high.

When we had ascended the front stairs we took about three steps to our right and at the top of a short flight of stairs at our left is a small room with low ceilings. This was called the "dead room." Any member of the family dying was laid in this room. It was never used for any other purpose. Going down from this room and ascending a short flight of stairs in front of us we reached the upper hall. The arrangement of the three floors of this house is the same. One room at the right, three at the left.

How the House was built.

On July 27, 1630, Killian Van Rensselaer, a gentleman who resided in Holland, purchased of the Indians (through his agent) a tract of land, 48 miles one way and 24 the other, containing more than 700,000 acres. It was divided in two parts by the Hudson river. The western half comprised the whole county of Albany, while the eastern half was more than two-thirds of Rensselaer county. Later additional purchases were made. It was found necessary to have a manor house and place of protection against the hostile Mohicans and the Lord Patroon, or the Patroon, as he was called, ordered his agent to build a fort. This he did in 1641, the date which is cut on a stone in the cellar wall, inside of this old building. The brick, shingles and nails used in its construction were sent from Holland. The fort was named Crailo after the Patroon's estate near Huizen.

Many times when the Indians became particularly hostile the people fled to this fort for safety. Two port holes are still in the front walls of this building. There were nine of these port holes. In the cellar is an underground passage leading to the well.

It was made so that when the house was surrounded by the enemy, the inmates could still have a water supply. The well is about 12 feet from the rear of the house, and is nearly filled with water, but is covered with boards. It was said to be 175 feet deep, and was famous for the purity of its water. Until recently there were bones in the cellar, said to have been the bones of Indians. Perhaps they were put there through the trap door still seen in the floor.

Killian Van Rensselaer died at Amsterdam in 1647, never having visited America. After a time his descendants came from Holland, and occupied this building as a dwelling. As the country became more settled, they rented farms to the colonists, and were to receive annually, as rent, six bushels of oats, two pairs of chickens and a cord of wood, or their equivalent in cash. Many who paid this rent through two or three generations, for the farms which they had occupied, refused to pay it longer. This was the commencement of the "antirent war," which was long and bitter.

Send Their "Wash" to Holland.
The Van Rensselaers sent annually their soiled linen to Holland to be washed, although the Hudson river was in front of their home. Two old chests in which they sent their soiled linen, were in the attic of this old house until recently.

An addition was built on this old manor house in 1740, and in the early part of 1800, Italian marble mantels took the place of the old wooden ones. They were the first in this country. Later they were replaced by the wooden ones now in the building.

Doctor Jeremiah Van Rensselaer lived here in 1852, and was the last member of the family to occupy this house. After his death it was owned by different individuals. The last gentleman who resided here endeavored to have a bill passed by the legislature at Albany for its purchase by the state. The bill was not passed, and soon after, he vacated the house, it being "covered with mortgage."

Anyone seeing this old manor house a few months after this would not have had the least doubt of its being the oldest building in the United States. Children played in it by day, and it was a rendezvous for tramps at night. The only reason there was a whole pane of glass left was because it was beyond the reach of a stone thrown by the average small boy. Later it was sold at auction, and purchased by a company of ice dealers. There are but a few feet left on either side of this old mansion, as the lawn at the north was sold last year, and, upon it, a modern dwelling was erected. A similar fate was awaiting the old house when it was purchased by Mrs. Susan De Lancy Van Rensselaer Strong of New York city.

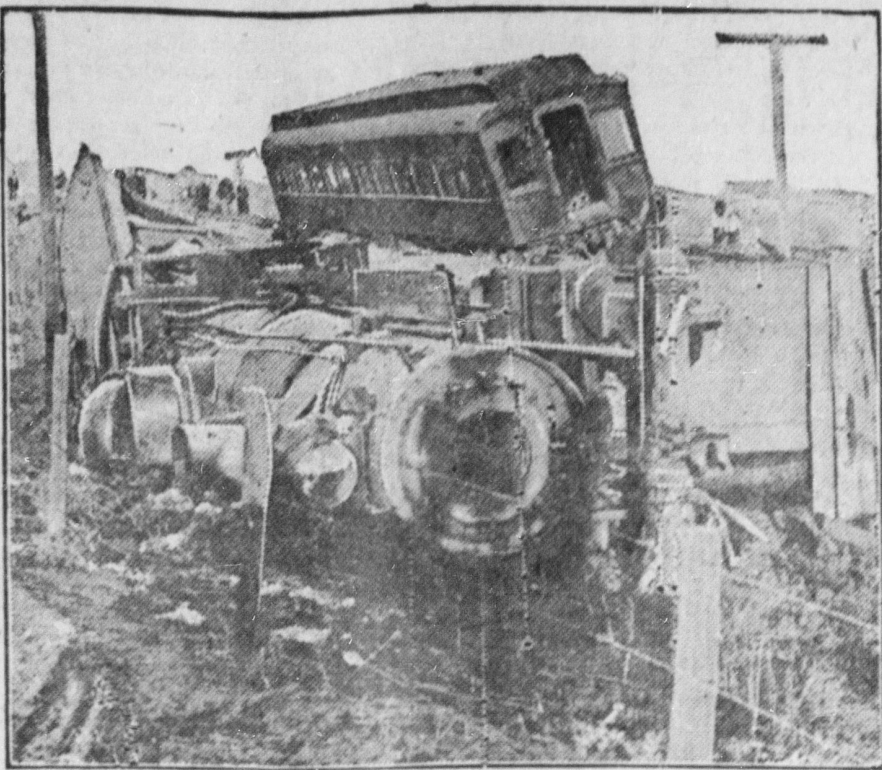
Mrs. Strong is a descendant of Killian Van Rensselaer, and is very enthusiastic in regard to the restoration of this home of her forefathers. The front hall and two large rooms on either side are now being repaired by the order of three patriotic societies. They hope a sufficient number of societies will become interested in the building until it is entirely restored. It will soon be opened to the public, and "kept as a depository of articles of colonial or revolutionary interest."

If there is the least doubt about its being the oldest building in the United States, it is certainly very old, and of sufficient historical renown to be worthy of preservation.

Age of the Oceans.

Scientists have figured out the average amount of salt carried by the rivers of the world as a total, and have compared with the total quantity of salt in the oceans. From these data (taking into account evaporation and rate of stream flow) it is possible to reckon how many years have been required to make the seas as salt as they are today. On this basis, Prof. Frank Clarke of the United States geological survey, one of the foremost authorities, estimates that the oceans are about 90,000,000 years old.

PASSENGER TRAIN DERAILED AFTER COLLIDING WITH HEAVY MOTORTRUCK



The photograph shows the Santa Fe train which was derailed near Le Grande, Cal., after colliding with a heavy motortruck of the Union Oil company. The driver of the truck signaled the train that he was stalled on the crossing, but failed to attract the attention of the engineer in time. The engine turned over on its side, and the baggage car and smoker left the track after tearing up more than 100 feet of track. The engineer was probably fatally hurt.

ROADS FOR ARMIES

One of Important War Issues Is
That of Transportation.

MUCH EQUIPMENT IS NEEDED

Miles of Railroads Must Be Built to
Carry Soldiers Through Eastern
France and Western Belgium
—Engineers in Danger.

The transportation problem back of the allied armies has become one of the most important issues of the war. The maintenance of the English and French armies has required the use of thousands of miles of railroad lines and huge quantities of rolling stock and other equipment. Need for this equipment became more and more imperative each time the allied armies dented the German line.

"The Can" railroad, an abbreviation of the Chicago, Annapolis and Northern, supplied six freight cars, two combination passenger cars, three locomotives, six steel bridges, 36 miles of rails, not including several switching tracks, and numerous other equipment. A similar service has been performed by half a dozen other railroad lines which have ceased to exist.

One Problem of French.
One of the problems in connection with the installation of an American army of several million men on the western front will be the building of miles of other railroad lines through eastern France and western Belgium. The task facing the American engineers can scarcely be appreciated by the layman.

To begin with, the task of building and equipping these lines in the short space of time available for this work would be difficult enough even in times of peace. One of the problems now before the engineering staff of the army is to find equipment with which to build. Hard pressed steel mills, which make a specialty of railroad equipment, must be pressed into service, even at the risk of sacrificing other imperative orders, or America must surrender many additional miles of little used railroads.

Either that or else some of the great railroad systems must spare what little equipment and rolling stock they can with other demands already overwhelming them.

Most of these railroad lines will be laid within the zone of gunfire back of the American lines, and the dangers to be encountered by the American engineers will be even greater than the perils encountered by the pioneer engineers who built the first lines through Indian country in the wild west days. British engineers have averaged a mile of road a day under shellfire, working with gas masks and steel helmets always at hand.

The rivalry between the corps of American engineers who have been engaged in the arduous task of building subways, dams, deepening rivers, etc., and the Royal engineers is expected to result in even greater accomplishment in this respect.

Narrow Gauge the Exception.
Despite the popular impression, narrow gauge lines are not the rule at the front. To be truthful, they are the exception, for the huge guns and the tremendous quantities of supplies which must be moved over these lines demand the heaviest of equipment. Miles and miles of standard railroad track run right up to the big guns which are belching death into the German ranks.

Shell holes must be filled up, the wreckage of German narrow gauge lines moved to one side, bridges installed and equipment brought up, sometimes under fire so galling that the work is even more dangerous than trench fighting.

It is to such tasks as these, with what new material and equipment can be commandeered to supplement the

relies of the days when railroad promoting was in vogue, that the engineers recruited from the subways and street railway lines of New York will give most of their attention. Subway building has fitted scores of these men admirably for the work ahead.

WOLF IS REALLY HERE NOW

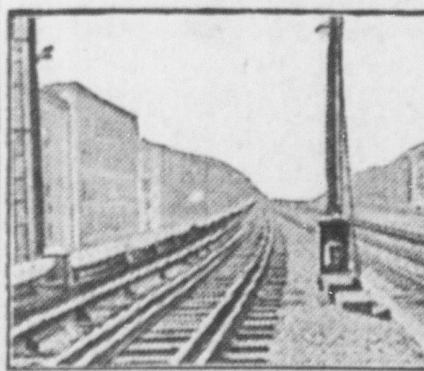
If Every Individual Does His Duty
Problem of Freight Congestion
Will Be Solved.

We are regularly told about this time of year to do our duty by the freight car—to load it heavily and unload it speedily, so that it may go on its way rejoicing to the next man who is waiting. There is danger that we minimize the present freight congestion by thinking this is the same old trouble, and that it doesn't amount to much, anyway. We have heard the cry of "wolf" a good many times, and nothing disastrous ever happened. But let us not be deceived. This year the wolf is really upon the flock—the wolf of hunger and of cold. It is hard to get wheat to the mills, and perhaps even harder to get coal to the city yards. So let's keep the cars moving. If every individual does his part the national problem of freight congestion will be rendered much simpler of solution.—Farm Life.

CABLE IS SHORT-CIRCUITED

Trouble During Spell of Hot Weather
Prevented by Use of White
Cheesecloth.

During a period of hot weather in New York last summer, when the temperature averaged more than 90 degrees F. at midday, some 11,000-volt, three-phase cables carried on a New York Central viaduct became short-circuited and temporarily crippled the division, which is in the electrified area. It was discovered that the temperature inside of the conduits approximated 140 degrees and that the trouble was primarily due to that



Cheesecloth Covering.

cause. In order to reduce the heat and thereby prevent recurrence of the short-circuiting, long canopies of white cheesecloth were erected over the conduits carrying the cables. The cloth prevented the pipes from absorbing the heat of the sun and caused a temperature reduction of from ten to twelve degrees in them. That sufficed to meet the problem.—Popular Mechanics.

BAR RAILWAYS FROM CITIES

Introduction of Roads Into England
Accompanied by Many Direful
Predictions of Disaster.

The attitude of many people toward airplanes reminds a writer for the London Chronicle of the fears with which the introduction of railways into England was met. Then the direful prophecy that engines would explode like a rocket frequently was heard. And it was a general belief that locomotive would devastate towns, blast the countryside and choke the farmers' stock. City officials in many towns vigorously protested against the approach of railways, and there were many ordinances drafted prohibiting the laying of tracks nearer than one mile to a village. For many years it was necessary for persons wishing to travel from Leeds to go by cab to Hunslet, more than a mile away, in order to reach a railway station.

JUST A LITTLE SMILE



THE RULING PASSION.

"I am sorry, Rollo," said the young woman, gently, "but I fear that you must not hope. I am fond of you, but we can never marry. You see—"

"Yes, I see!" he interrupted, bitterly. "You cannot marry me because I weigh 200 pounds. Nobody loves a fat man!"

And with this quotation he strode forth into the night.

But there is always a Chapter II. Three weeks later our hero again stood in the presence of our heroine.

"I have come back to renew my suit," he said.

"But, Rollo, did I not tell you that it was hopeless?"

"Wait! Do not spurn me till you know all. I have been taking a gymnasium course. Today I am a bargain. I am reduced from 200 to 198! Unable to withstand the great slump in values, she fell into his arms.

Ease and Superior Wealth.

"Did you ever ride in the chariots of ease?"

"Not recently. When I was a boy I used to get an occasional ride on the ice wagon."

An Instance.

"The language of flowers is very eloquent."

"Especially when the sentiment of love is conveyed by a pair of pressed two lips."

NOT THAT MOULD.



Lady of the House—Mary Anne, did you mold the bread as I told you?

Mary Anne—Shure, an' I put it in the damp cupboard, an' it moulded itself.

My Wish.

Let others strive for fame and gold, And strive for chunks of land to hold, I'm satisfied if I can get Enough to keep me out of debt.

Too Brittle.

"Bloggs doesn't seem to have much snap in him any more."

"No; he used to have so much snap in him that now he's broke."—Answers.

How It Is Done.

"I don't see how some of my friends are able to have automobiles."

"It is not so difficult as you think, old man. The wives help out wonderfully. A woman will go without an astonishing number of things for the sake of a car."

The Final One.

"Is there any sure test of mushrooms to tell them from toadstools?"

"Oh, yes. If you gather a mess and eat them, and they kill you, you may be sure they were toadstools."

An Even Break.

Mrs. Busybody—Your husband goes out a good deal, doesn't he?

Mrs. Keen—Oh, I don't know; he doesn't go out any oftener than he comes in.—Boston Transcript.

The Reason.

"I know a couple of young millionaires who are going off to hunt wild deer."

"Maybe it is because every tame deer is hunting them."

Daddy Broke His Face.

John was always an interested spectator when his father shaved. One morning the razor slipped and the skin was cut a trifle, and John turned and said regretfully to his mother, "Oh, see, daddy did break his nice face."

Mean Abuse.

"Pop, what's camouflage?"

"It is the sort of stuff your Aunt Henny puts on her face to make her try and represent something young and pretty."

SCRAPS of HUMOR



NOT LIKE HER TO BE STILL.



"Is your wife living still?"

"Not unless she has changed her mode of life within the last few hours."

Optical Impression.

Cheer up, though you may miss the prize Of learning in your classes! It's easy to look wondrous wise By wearing horn-rimmed glasses.

Not Gonna Do Anything.

Lucinda was testing the devotion of Erastus.

"S'pose it is night and we are in a deep, black woods. There comes a bo'er constricter a-wrigglin' through the grass; an' a wildcat a-boundin' through the bushes; an' a lion roarin' an' makin' for us a mile a minute. What are we a-gonna do?"

"There ain't gonna be no we."—Christian Register.

Practical Husband.

"A man has just telegraphed me that he has married my daughter."

"Is he a good, practical man?"

"I guess he is. He wired me collect."

An Expedient.

"What do you suppose is the best way to make a play a howling success?"

"I don't know, unless it is to try it on the dog."

Proof.

"Is he really so rich?"

"Sure thing. Why he can eat pie with his knife in a first-class restaurant, and no one will comment there on."

At the Lecture.

Freshman—Sir, mark my words. Professor—I have marked your words and find that you have misspelled 40 per cent of them. You must improve a great deal. Mark my words.

His Rule of Conduct.

Mrs. Junebride—I notice that your husband doesn't smoke. Is it because you object to it?

Mrs. Oldum—Not at all. If I objected to it he'd smoke.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.



"How'd you get into the show the other evening?"

"Passed a counterfeit quarter at the door."

"How was the show?"

"Well, I got my money's worth."

Wise Girl.

"Of course, you will want an engagement ring," said he.

"Yes," replied she.

"With a big diamond in it?"

"No. A diamond is only carbon after all. Make it a small diamond and put the change into the shape of a few tons of coal."

No Hope There.

"You surely are not foolish enough to think you can drown your sorrows?"

"Of course, I'm not. My wife can swim."

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., Feb. 7, 1918

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FOR STATE SENATOR

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of S. J. Miller, of Madera, Clearfield County, for nomination for State Senator in the 34th Senatorial District, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the uniform caucus on May 21st, 1918. The support of all Republicans is kindly solicited.

Old King Coal certainly put the country on the blink this trip.

A Hooverized meal might be entirely all right, and then again it might not stir up any particular enthusiasm among the prohibitionists.

The order prohibiting the sale of more than twenty-five pounds of wheat flour to one person was entirely unnecessary. No one person is able to scrape up the coin for more than twenty-five pounds of flour at prevailing prices.

We do not say that it was illegal, but we do very emphatically state that it looks all wrong when a newly chartered company, of which a brother of Secretary of War Baker is a member, starts in with a capital of but \$38,000 and lands airplane contracts amounting to over \$9,000,000. Mr. Baker, it might be said, knew nothing of the matter when the scheme was hatched and put into effect, but Mr. Baker should have known all about it and knowing about it he should have prevented such a contract being awarded to a concern in which his brother is one of the principal partners. It looks too much like favoritism to suit the public, and after all the public is paying the bill of expense in this war.

Don't overlook your income tax. Comparatively few incomes will escape the required tax. Yours may, and then again it may not. Don't neglect finding out, and be sure that you have the correct information on the subject. Neglect may cost you anywhere from \$50 to \$1,000 for neglect means a penalty of fifty per cent. additional tax. A government tax expert is on duty each day at the Court House to explain the new law to all who apply. He will remain until about Feb. 15th. Many persons believe they have a pretty fair understanding of what the law requires, but it is a safe statement that the proposition is so complicated that in reality but few are able to fill out the blank forms without assistance. You must make your income tax returns on or before March 1st. In a nut shell, if you are a \$1,000 a-year single man or woman, or a \$2,000 a-year married man or woman, you owe income tax and you must hunt up and make returns to the tax collector of your district. See the tax expert at the Court House about your case and be on the safe side.

Quick to sense conditions resulting from the freezing weather, aggravated by the frightful shortage in coal, Professor Hughes of the Bellefonte Academy has adopted a plan of relief for the helpless poor that must appeal to all as one inspired by a great, big heart filled with human kindness. If the coal famine is not broken and persons without money are unable to secure fuel it is the intention of Professor Hughes to offer them shelter over the freezing nights in the recitation rooms at the Academy. The large building will be kept warm for the purpose and shelter for the night for poor families will be not only absolutely free but cheerfully extended. It may come to pass that the very poor will have to be cared for over night by plans such as that which suggested itself to Professor Hughes. Regardless of whether it becomes necessary or not, the fact that Professor Hughes stands ready to do his share and more in the hour of emergency testifies to his usefulness and sterling worth as a citizen.

There is something radically wrong with the system employed in our newly formed armies when it requires six months or more to determine whether a person is or is not physically qualified for service. The recent honorable discharge of Major Scott M. Huff, of Bellefonte, is a typical case. Dr. Huff went to Camp Hancock with the hospital corps last August. He is and always has been an

enthusiastic military man. He has been in active service before. Apparently he is in the best of health, and certainly he is not up to the age limit by a number of years, at least. To go to Camp Hancock he abandoned his medical practice and all business affairs and naturally assumed that he would be in the service until the end of the war. After being at Camp Hancock nearly seven months he was suddenly notified that for physical causes he had been honorably discharged. There was nothing for him to do but pack up and return home. For months past the plea has been put forth that more physicians are needed for the army and local medical societies have been visited government representatives to encourage enrollment. Seemingly the powers-that-be do not want physicians who have worked their way up by years of experience and demonstrated efficiency. Otherwise they would not have handed such a raw deal to a citizen and physician of the standing and conceded ability of Dr. Huff. His first military service was in the ranks as an enlisted man. Sheer merit won him one promotion after another and when he went to the Mexican border he held a commission as a Major in the medical corps. He was in line for still further advancement, when without warning or even an intimation that he was not qualified in every way he was notified to step down and out. If a man is physically qualified in August it seems strange that he is disqualified in January. If a man isn't qualified in August he should not be carried along until January before being discharged and enabled to return home and pick up the threads of his business affairs. Any way you look at it Dr. Huff was given a raw deal, and acts of this kind will not encourage physicians generally to risk abandoning their practice to engage in the service, knowing in advance that they are liable to be dropped any day.

Mrs. Thomas Ammerman Dead.

Mrs. Eliza Ammerman, widow of Thomas Ammerman, died about 9 o'clock Sunday evening at her home near what is known as the Glass Works, Bellefonte. Wednesday evening of last week, after she had gone to bed, she became critically ill and finally called for her son, John Ammerman, to bring her a drink of water. From that time on she grew worse until the end. Her demise was the result of heart failure. She was the daughter of Joseph and Sarah Wolf and was born at Boalsburg January 24th, 1843, making her age 75 years and 9 days. In February 1860 she was married to Thomas Ammerman who preceded her to the grave June 16, 1893. The deceased was an exceptionally kind lady and was never known to falter when asked to do some good deed for those who needed her help. In 1874 she joined the United Brethren church and always tried to live the life of a true Christian. She is survived by the following children: Austin B. Ammerman, State College; John T. Ammerman, Bellefonte and William Ammerman, Mt. Carmel. She is also survived by the following brothers: William, Augustus and Sarah A. Wolfe, of Bellefonte. The funeral took place Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The services were held in the United Brethren church. Rev. Hugh MacLeod, the pastor, assisted by Rev. Sprague, of Milton, conducted the services.

Mrs. Teresa Treaster Dead.

Mrs. Teresa Treaster, perhaps the oldest resident of Howard Township, passed away Monday morning at 1 o'clock at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Austin Bathurst, at Mt. Eagle. Her age was 92 years, 10 months and 18 days. Her death was due to diseases incident to her advanced age. She had been in failing health for about one year, although she displayed remarkable vitality for a woman of her advanced age. She was a good neighbor and did many acts of kindness during her long life. She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Austin Bathurst, with whom she lived, and Mrs. McClellan, of Altoona. The funeral took place this (Thursday) morning at 10 o'clock. Interment at Carlin.

Mrs. Fleming Poorman Dead.

This (Thursday) morning at 7.30 o'clock Mrs. Fleming Poorman passed away at her home near Yarnell. She had been ill for over a year with tuberculosis and thus was a great sufferer. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Lucas and was born in Snow Shoe Jan. 27th, 1863. She was a most excellent woman and her death is mourned by a host of friends. She is survived by her husband and the following children: Mrs. Eliza Pownell, Yarnell; Charles, Donald and Blanchard Poorman, at home; Clyde Poorman, Milesburg, and Malcolm Poorman, Altoona. At the time of going to press there were no arrangements for the funeral.

John L. Sullivan Dead.

John L. Sullivan, a former prize fighter of a world-wide reputation, who has lately been doing evangelistic work, dropped dead Saturday at Abington, Mass.

Mrs. Mary C. Harris Dead.

Mrs. Mary C. Harris, widow of the late Henry Harris, and one of the oldest and most highly respected residents of Bellefonte, passed away Monday morning at 3 o'clock at her residence on Howard Street. The cause of her demise was heart trouble from which she had been suffering for several years. The deceased was the daughter of John and Lydia Toner and was born in Millheim, coming to Bellefonte when quite young. Had she lived until the coming June 12th she would have been 82 years of age. Early in life she was united in marriage to Henry P. Harris, who died March 23rd, 1905. Mrs. Harris was a woman of most excellent traits of character, loved and respected by all who knew her. She made no outward display, but lived a quiet, unassuming life. Her home was her castle and she was always found there trying to make it pleasant for all who dwelt therein. She was a good neighbor and in time of need and distress always extended a willing hand to aid or to comfort. For years she had been a consistent member of the Methodist church and was always found working for its material and spiritual interest. Her father, Rev. John Toner, at one time was elected Register of Wills of Centre County. She is survived by the following children: Wilbur P. Harris, Harrisburg; Hardman P. Harris, Bellefonte; Mrs. H. Galloway, East Radford, Va.; James H. Harris, Reading, and John Toner Harris, Harrisburg. She is also mourned by two sisters: Mrs. James J. Brislin, Newford, Mass., and Mrs. James H. McClain, Maston, Ohio. The funeral took place this (Thursday) morning at 10 o'clock, Dr. H. H. Vocum assisted by Dr. W. K. McKinney, officiating.

Death of Christian Schenck.

Christian Schenck, one of the oldest residents of Howard, passed away Monday morning at 4.30 o'clock at his home in that place. Some time ago a sore spot appeared on his face which became affected, and thus blood poison followed. He was the son of Jonathan and Tampuson Schenck and was born in Howard Township 71 years ago. He was a very pleasant gentleman and had a large number of relatives and friends in that community. He was married twice, the first wife being Miss Emma Strunk. To this union there were born five children, four of whom are living: Lawrence, Powys, Pa.; Howard, Harry and Walter, of Howard, and Miss Minnie Schenck, of Williamsport. His second wife, who was Miss Minnie Berry, of Altoona, survives. To this union there was one child, Mary Schenck, of Howard. He is also survived by the following brothers and sisters: Ralph Schenck, his whereabouts not known; Hayes Schenck, Howard; Nathan Schenck, Hornell, N. Y., and Mrs. D. B. Schenck, Howard Township. The funeral took place this (Thursday) morning.

Death of Little Child.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Klinger are mourning the death of a bright and interesting little daughter which occurred at the family home on Penn Street Monday morning at 2.45 o'clock. Her name was Grace Emeline Klinger and she was born Sept. 26th, 1916. The child had been troubled with an affection of the heart, but was seriously ill only one day. Although young in years she was one of the flowers of the household and she will be greatly missed in the home. Besides her parents she is survived by the following brothers and sisters: John Klinger, who is on a transport and is now in France; Mary, Jesse and Donald, at home. The funeral took place Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment in the Union cemetery.

Falls Dead on the Street.

Harry Parker fell dead Sunday night about 12 o'clock on the streets of Williamsport, while on his way home, and before a physician reached him he died. He was the husband of Miss Elsie Herkimer, daughter of the late Adam Herkimer, formerly of Bellefonte. He was known in that city as "The Bandman" and for thirty-four years had been manager of the famous Repas Band. He was a charter member of the Williamsport Lodge, No. 173, B. P. O. Elks, and was its first exalted ruler. He is survived by his wife, three sons and two daughters. Mrs. Herkimer, mother of Mrs. Parker, is a very aged lady who now resides at Rhensburg.

Miss Sarah Oliver Dead.

Miss Sarah Oliver passed peacefully away at the home of her brother, A. W. Oliver, at Graysville, last Saturday afternoon. She had been an invalid for thirty years, the last fifteen of which she was confined to bed. She was a zealous member of the Presbyterian church for sixty-three years. She was a daughter of the late James and Margaret Campbell Oliver and was born on the Branch, near Pine Grove Mills, Jan. 25th, 1843. Burial was made Monday morning.

George W. Port Dead.

George W. Port, one of Tyrone's most prominent citizens, died at his home at that place last Thursday night, aged 70 years. He had been suffering from a complication of ailments for the last ten years.

Read "The Republican." \$1.50 a year in advance.

New Draft Rules.

New regulations for selective draft physical examinations were issued from Washington on Thursday by Provost Marshal General Croader in preparation for extension of the policy of accepting for special and limited service registrants unfitted for general military duty. They will bring into the service under the next draft many men who otherwise would be exempted.

The local boards are directed to pass upon registrants for general military service only when they come within the standards of unconditional acceptance or rejection. All other cases must be referred to the medical advisory board for further examination. Hereafter there will be no unconditional rejection of men who have remediable defects.

Under the old regulations, men under five feet in height were unconditionally rejected. In the future men of fifty-eight inches, if exceptionally well proportioned, may be taken and if not exceptionally well proportioned, their cases must be referred to the medical board. Registrants above seventy-eight inches not exceptionally well proportioned also are to be referred to the medical advisory board for classification.

The minimum weight established by the regulations is 100 pounds, unless the under weight is "plainly due to some recent illness and otherwise the registrants have no disqualifying defect," but the cases of registrants weighing between 100 pounds and 114 pounds are to be referred to the medical board.

Registrants under weight in proportion to their height, unless it is plainly due to some temporary cause, also go to the medical board.

This is Going Some.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Auman, who have relatives and friends in Centre county, have announced the birth of twin daughters. Mr. Auman is a railroad brakeman and resides in Sunbury. His grandfather, John Auman, was the father of seventeen children, being twice the father of twins and once the father of triplets.

Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bros. Grocers)

Butter.....	48
Eggs.....	55

GRAIN MARKET

(Corrected by Gamble & Green)

Wheat.....	\$2.10
Corn.....	1.50

To Shingle Users.

We have succeeded in securing several car loads of the famous Pacific Coast Red Cedar shingles. Send in your orders while they last.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,
Bellefonte

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, Lucas County

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.

A. W. GLEASON

Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

BUSINESS CHANCES

We Establish Cut Rate Tire Agencies There should be one in each locality
30x3 Non Skids \$6.80
30x3 1-2 Non Skids \$8.60
Small capital required. Profits are large. For full particulars address Popular Tire and Rubber Co. 2638 Broadway, New York City

New Art Pictures of WAR PRESIDENTS

Washington, Lincoln, Wilson: allied flags and latest official version of "Star Spangled Banner." Beautiful 5 color design for window display or framing. Postpaid for 10 cents.

U. S. FLAG SEALS

The correct patriotic emblem for your stationery, packages &c. Officially approved.

50	Flags for 10 cents
200	" " 30 "
500	" " 50 "
1000	" " 80 "

W. H. Keen Company

1 No. Iowa Avenue Atlantic City, N. J.

Here's Your Chance You Can Live in a New Up-to-Date Home

By moving to Clearfield

We have new homes for several families with girls to work in the Velvet Mill.

For particulars apply to

Clearfield Textile Co.

Mrs. Derstine Has Bad Fall.

Mrs. F. M. Derstine, of Altoona, sustained a painful and nearly serious injury of her back when she fell on a newly scrubbed porch, the other day. She has since been unable to work and it

may be some time before her recovery is complete. Mrs. Derstine is the wife of the president of the Red Cross branch in Janata and is herself very active in the work. She is also prominent in church and social movements. Mrs. Derstine was formerly of Bellefonte.

War Savings

Thrift Stamps and War Saving Stamps are the most Democratic of investments, because every one can buy them. Every one should buy one or more just to show that he is doing his little part in the great struggle to set the world free. Go to your postmaster or to your bank and help the government in its great cause.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

BELLEFONTE, PA.

CONFIDENCE

Confidence is necessarily the foundation of all hopes and plans for the future.

The aim of this bank is to so efficiently handle every account, large or small, as must win and hold the fullest confidence of each patron.

Open an account today.

Bellefonte Trust Company,
Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

Save Your Eyes

RUBIN and RUBIN

HARRISBURG'S LEADING EYE SPECIALISTS

Will Again be at Their Office at

Mott's Drug Store

Bellefonte, Pa.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday
February 11, 12 and 13.

EYES EXAMINED FREE

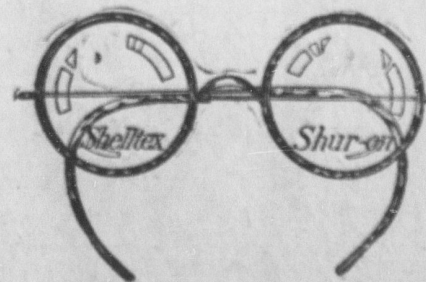
OPEN EVENINGS

Spectacles or Eyeglasses

frames, 1st quality with or without rims, gold filled frames, first quality spherical lens for reading or distance \$2.50



Shelltex Nose Glasses or Spectacles, are the very latest. We can furnish these frames in any prescription from \$5.00 up.



Kryptok Lenses represent the very best in glasses; absolutely, nothing better. Prices from \$10.00 to \$15.00, according to your prescription.



ICE GIVES ENGINEERS GOOD TRAINING



Abundant ice on the Potomac river has given engineer troops in training near Washington an excellent opportunity for overcoming obstacles. This picture shows "pontooners" breaking the ice preparatory to building a bridge.

13 MILLION MEN IS COST OF WAR

Figures Stupendous Beyond Power of Human Mind to Compass.

MOST OF THEM ARE KILLED

Big Price Being Paid for the World's Future Security — Money Cost Nearly \$175,000,000 a Day—Capital Cut Down.

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.
(Correspondent of the Chicago News.)
Washington, D. C.—The figures relating to the cost of this war are stupendous beyond the power of the human mind to compass.

The number of men killed in battle has been between 7,500,000 and 8,000,000. Offsetting the number of deaths which would have occurred in times of peace, it is safe to set the war loss at more than 7,000,000 men. This is about one man in twenty for each year of the whole number mobilized.

The figures are large, but they are based on the greatest armies the world has ever seen. Moreover, the death rate has been falling steadily throughout the war, as methods more economical of human life are adopted and hospital efficiency increases. The well-prepared nations lose least. Russia has suffered casualties disproportionately large because in the first year of the war her troops were sent to the front poorly supported by artillery and sometimes literally unarmed. On the western front the French losses were heaviest for the first two years, but as England takes over the bulk of the fighting her casualties increase and those of France fall off.

Total of 5,250,000 Disabled.
In addition to the dead, the permanently disabled total about 5,250,000 men. Thus the net loss in men amounts to about 13,000,000. There have probably been about 10,000,000 men less seriously wounded in such a way that they have either been returned to the front or able to pursue some useful occupation in civil life.

Some realization of the meaning of these totals may be gleaned from the reflection that the dead and the totally disabled equal more than half the able-bodied men in the United States.

The money cost is a vastly more confusing problem. The total is beyond all comparison with any national debts, loans or expenditures of the past. At the beginning of the war the cost of \$30,000,000 a day. It was predicted Europe could not stand it for six months. Now, well along in the fourth year, the cost is nearly \$175,000,000 a day and there are no signs of a financial breakdown.

It has become increasingly evident that lack of "money" will never make any nation surrender. As long as sufficient economic resources actually exist in the shape of men and munitions, food and beasts and iron and steel, so long can the nation in question continue to make war. In looking for a German breakdown the eye should turn not toward the absurdly depreciated German mark, but toward what Germany has left in men and food and steel.

Its Future Mortgaged.

This is because a nation can mortgage its future like a man who enters a shop with empty pockets and pays for goods with signed notes pledging the labor of his children. The world's debt since the war has increased by \$90,000,000,000. The total cost has exceeded this figure by at least \$15,000,000,000, the difference representing the amount levied in taxes in excess of the interest requirements.

It is easy to see that if all the interest is paid to people living in the United States, and the principal at the end of the term also paid to residents in the United States, the United States as a nation is no weaker financially for having borrowed \$20,000,000,000 than if it had never borrowed a cent. Such enormous loans will probably effect a redistribution of wealth, for the interest charges will be met by taxation, and provision made for a sinking fund in the same way. By

redistributing this taxation wisely and equitably, the end of the period that the Liberty bonds have to run may well see a more efficient balance of wealth than the present.

As in reckoning war strength, the basic realities of the problem are economic rather than financial. Such part of the great war loans as is invested in convertible factories, in increase of food production and similar real assets, cannot be regarded as lost. On the other hand, the dollars that are spent for shells which explode and ships that sink are lost in fact.

World's Capital Cut Down.

Moreover, the cost in dollars is no measure of the real economic cost of the war, because it takes no account of the enormous destruction of property that has taken place. This represents a cutting into the capital of the world. The sinking of millions of tons of shipping, the destruction of cities, the ravaging of farm lands, the deterioration of industrial equipment in the last three years, are only a few of the items that must be charged to this account. One huge item is the labor of 55,000,000 men who have been taken completely from productive occupations. Even reckoning their value

to industry at the moderate sum of \$1 a day, in four years of war the industrial loss amounts up to \$75,000,000,000.

There is no disposition on the part of the allies to begrudge the expenditure. It is the highest price that has ever been paid in history for anything but the thing purchased is security for the application of these same forces to peaceful aims in the future. It is literally true that the men and money spent in this war could have transformed the earth. They could have established universal sanitation, universal education, eliminated barbarism and savagery, reclaimed all the waste lands, established communications by rail and steam with every corner of the globe, and brought the millennium nearer by a long stride. At least, the human race has ceased to be awed by the magnitude of any project. In the hell of war, men have learned that no task is too great for them, and that is a thought worth carrying into times of peace.

A WAR PRAYER

By James Waterman Wise of the Vigilantes.
Father, we beseech thee
Guard our boys tonight.
Keep, we pray, their footsteps
On the paths of right.

We have sent them gladly,
For the fight is just.
Yea, their cause is holy,
Glorious their trust.

Hold their fates, O Father,
In thy wondrous hand.
Bring them back, if may be,
Back to grace our land.

For we loved them dearly
But our path was clear;
Honor bade us send them,
Father, be thou near!

But if they must leave us,
If it be thy will,
Father, we implore thee,
Guide and guard them still.

USE APPLES IN TOBACCO

Peels and Cores Take Place of Time-Honored Cabbage in Smoking Mixture.

Hood River, Ore.—Apple peels and cores are now taking the place of the time-honored cabbage leaf in the finest smoking tobacco, according to Hood River people. Formerly the supply was obtained from eastern fruit districts, but hereafter Oregon dried apple pomace is to add flavor to smoking mixtures.

Spies Trained from Boyhood

Secret Activities of German Women Told by Dr. Arthur Lynch, M. P.

SYSTEM IS FAR REACHING

Eyes of French People Suddenly Opened to Extent of the Organization and Its Studied and Elaborate Character.

London.—Dr. Arthur Lynch, M. P., writing under a Paris date to the Daily Chronicle on German spies in France, says:

"In Marcel Prevost's *Les Angles Gardiens* (The Guardian Angels, otherwise governesses) he depicts an English governess who is fond of drink, an Italian whose beauty wins the affections of the son and heir, and a German, Meg by name—a jolly and attractive young woman, unembarrassed by moral scruples, but capable and shrewd. Meg is a spy, and her spying is the more dangerous for the fact that she is the 'guardian angel' of the daughter of the French war minister.

"This story, written with a certain grace of style, set all France talking, and many a bourgeois family scrutinized with horror their stockish, stupid-looking but hardworking Westphalian maid, who knew little outside the small household and who, moreover, had conceived a real affection for the children.

"I confess I was inclined to laugh at the spy scare, but some time before the war I used to meet on the staircase of a modest and quiet little private hotel the dame who stood for the original of Meg. She had an apartment adjoining mine. There was nothing about her appearance or her manners to attract attention. Meg had, in good German style, grown imposing though still attractive in the German fashion.

"One evening, on returning to my rooms, I saw Meg's lady companion, a dragon looking person, camped on a chair on the landing near Meg's door, and presently three middle-aged gentlemen left Meg's rooms. Meg knew that the war was coming, and no doubt serious business was on hand that night.

Abused by German Husband.

"Parisians have become very suspicious of late, but the surprise was general nevertheless when they discovered that their exotic favorite, Mata Hari, the Hindoo dancer, was a German spy. This lady with the dusky skin and flexible wrists and languorous graces of Eastern dancing women turned out to be a formidable personage. At the age of seventeen she mar-

ried a German who had obtained Dutch nationality in order to mask his spying work. The marriage was rather in the nature of a formal business transaction, but this did not prevent the one-time German officer from brutally ill-treating his young wife.

"Nevertheless she entered into the spy system with zest, became duly registered and paid, amused and delighted Paris for some years with her audacious performances, became acquainted with various highly placed officials and politicians and found means, it is said, to make known to the Germans some of the most important French plans in the first months of the war.

"Certainly it is absurd to find a spy in every German kitchen maid or hall porter or barber's apprentice, but eyes have been opened to the extent of the organization, its studied and elaborate character and the cleverness of the German spy system.

"Here in Paris is a type very different from Meg, but one who employs the Megs as his agents—the count of W—. 'Old Adolph,' as he was familiarly called, half in affection and half in contempt. Adolph was, not so many years ago, a dashing officer of the Guards, a great rider, a beau, a lady killer. Certain histories in this latter direction cut off his career as a Guardsman and he came to Paris. Old Adolph had then nothing of the beau cavalier of old; he seemed good natured, but stupid; he did not look as if he could mount a horse, for he moved all in a block, like a piece of wood.

Had Hired Chateau.

"Old Adolph incidentally had hired a chateau which commanded a great range of country and which possessed a real value for war purposes. To this chateau he made several additions and improvements, which were thought to be a fad of dear, stupid old Adolph; they could be used as excellent gun emplacements. It is still a moot point in the circles that old Adolph frequented whether he really was a fool or only had that appearance. But it is not remote from this question to remark that at one point the disastrous flight of the Germans from the Marne was brought to an end by the fact that they arrived at positions which had been carefully noted and prepared by Germans before the war.

"I have lifted the veil here and there upon the types; the framework of the system is no less edifying to study. For the past two generations the Germans have been extending and perfecting their spy system; it has now become one of the important functions of state. A spy is not taken at haphazard and asked impromptu to undertake difficult and hazardous work."

HERE IS ONE FAT MAN WHO IS LOVED



"Nobody loves a fat man," but when he is wearing the uniform of an American marine and is in France serving his country, all changes and the fat man becomes the idol of the people, especially the children. This jolly plump Yankee marine is playing papa to these French kiddies and he is the "greatest man in the world" to them.

On Watch for Airplane Scout

Episode Illustrative of One of Many Diverse Phases of the War.

CLOSE VIGILANCE NECESSARY

Three Whistles; Presto, Battery Camouflaged!—In This Instance Venturesome German Machine Plunged to Earth.

London.—The airplane sentry sat on his solitary mound in the middle of the field in the hot sunshine. His business was to watch for hostile airplanes and warn the battery of their approach. It does not sound a very arduous business, but it is one that requires considerable training if mistakes are to be avoided. Airplanes fly too high nowadays for their distinguishing marks to be discerned, even through the best glasses. The sentry must be able to detect the enemy as soon as he comes in sight, at whatever angle he may happen to be flying; and with so many different types of machine in the air this requires experience and a quick eye.

The experience he had gained by being attached for some days to an anti-aircraft battery whose business it was to spot all hostile planes at once; quickness of vision was inbred in him, for he had an Englishman's love of sport. The attitude of watchfulness seemed natural to him as he sat with his glass slung round his neck, his eyes searching the skies all about him.

A couple of hundred yards away, the battery was at the height of its morning toilet. The big guns were uncovered and the limber-gunners and their assistants were performing the morning ablutions of their charges, washing out the bores and scrubbing them with the long-handled plumb brushes that take four men to push through. The artificer was testing air pressures; the section officers and their layers were busy with the sights. Behind the guns, again, groups of men were laying shells in rows, taking them from the heaps in which they had been dumped by the ammunition column during the night. The whole orchard was a scene of activity, and concealment was out of the question while it lasted.

Sudden Transformation.

Suddenly the airplane sentry stood up, gazed at a distant speck in the sky through his glasses for a few seconds, then blew three blasts upon his whistle. Before the echoes had died away a furious scene-shifting began in the battery. The cleaning squads put down their utensils and drew up the gun-covers, the artificer put his spanners in his pocket and sprang under the nearest tree, where he was joined by the section officers and their assistants. The shell numbers hastily covered their work with leaves and brushwood, and hid themselves under cover of the shed that acted as an ammunition store. In ten seconds, where all the activity had been the sharpest eye would have seen nothing but a compact orchard, with here and there a group of men sheltering under trees, invisible from the air.

The German airplane made a wide sweep over the lines at a great height, the nucleus of a scattered pattern of shrapnel that burst all around it, leaving puffs of smoke that hung like cottonwood against the clear blue of the sky. Then, apparently not liking the look of a couple of British fighters that rose to pursue it, it made off, without having been anywhere near the battery. The airplane sentry blew his whistle once more and the covers were stripped off the guns and the interrupted work went on again.

A Second Invitation.

But the sentry redoubled his vigilance. The battery had made itself

exceedingly unpopular with the German; it had recently put several of his guns out of action, besides accounting for a big minenwerfer that had annoyed the infantry in the front line, and it was evident that he meant to discover its position somehow. There were several German balloons up as it was, though a fortunate rise in the ground just hid the battery from their view. Nor was it likely that on a day when visibility was so good the enemy would stop at one casual airplane. It was far more likely that he would send them over at intervals throughout the day.

And so it happened. Before an hour was past a second speck appeared in the sky and again the scene shifting took place on the blast of the whistle. This time the hostile plane was shaping a course that would bring it very nearly over the battery, and the sentry watched it with some concern. On it came, the shrapnel bursting furiously round it, diving and wheeling to disconcert the gunners' aim. It swept over the battery, went straight on for a few minutes, then turned and came back again. Had it seen anything suspicious? The sentry scanned the orchard sharply. Everything was in perfect order, not even a bully-beef tin lay about to betray a sign of human occupation; there were no tracks visible across the grass; every trifle was carefully covered up. It is on details like this that the safety of a battery depends. Upon the slightest hint that anything is hidden in a particular spot the airplane calls up its guns and ranges on the place. And ever afterward one has the uncomfortable feeling that one is suspected and that at any moment a torrent of shell may arrive.

Pursued by Shrapnel.

The plane was perceptibly lower; it almost seemed as if its suspicions must have been aroused. It swept off toward home, pursued by the bursting shrapnel that it dodged as if by a series of miracles. But suddenly it seemed to quiver, its tail went up, and it began to dive steeply. The sentry watched it eagerly through his glasses. Was it a ruse to escape the shell, or was it hit? Slowly the plane began to turn over as it fell, and then, all at once, all control seemed to leave it, and it dropped steadily, turning over and over, the sun flashing from its polished fuselage as it did so. Lower and lower it fell, until only a few hundred feet from the ground, when it turned on its side and crashed swiftly to earth, a mile or so from the battery.

The sentry blew his whistle once more, and the battery returned to its work cheering and whistling. Every one had seen the machine come to earth and was proportionately elated. But, as always, a chivalrous feeling for their fallen enemy was mingled with the men's joy.

"Plucky sportsman, that," said one, and the rest echoed his sentiments.

GEORGIA PRISON DOORS YAWN

For First Time in Memory of Oldest Inhabitant Dougherty County Jail Is Empty.

Albany, Ga.—Dougherty county jail is empty for the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. There is no record of a time in more than half a century when such a condition existed before, and the announcement caused something of a local sensation. Not only is the jail empty, the doors of all its cells swinging wide open, but there are very few defendants out on bond. The fact is the more remarkable when it is considered that not only are prisoners for the city and superior courts held in the Dougherty county jail, but those for the Albany district of the United States court. The officers agree that prohibition is very largely responsible for the empty jail.

DAYTON HAS LEAGUE TO WATCH ALIENS

Dayton, O.—The American Protective league, to co-operate with Federal authorities in running down slackers and seditious aliens, has been organized here. Practically every factory, shop, business house and industrial enterprise in Dayton is represented in the league's membership.

The medium between the public and government secret agents for the transmission of information relative to seditious remarks and efforts to escape the draft is Dayton's postmaster, who is receiving written messages daily from citizens furnishing clues.

SENSITIVE ABOUT HER FEET

Kansas City Woman Resents Reference to Her Pedal Extremities by Judge.

Kansas City, Mo.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller, a bridal couple, quarreled within 48 hours after their marriage. Their troubles came before Judge Joe Keirman of the municipal court.

Mrs. Miller explained that her husband made a sarcastic remark about her feet, as she slipped on the ice and snow, on a downtown corner, and the quarrel ensued. The police had to interfere.

The judge admonished them and gave some sage advice:

"Try to be more careful next time," he advised.

As the couple started to leave the judge remarked:

"Your feet look like they ought to hold you up."

"I hope you fall flat the first minute you step outside the door," replied Mrs. Miller, as, with reddening cheeks, she backed out of the court room.

OLDEST MARINE IS GUIDE



J. D. Stickney who joined the United States navy in 1869 came to a Franco port with his squadron in the Franco-German war of 1870.

Mr. Stickney has in his official capacity as guide at the Louvre, Paris, talked to all the crowned heads of Europe with the exception of the Kaiser. He is now attached to the American soldiers in Paris and unofficially acts as interpreter.

SAYS FRYING PAN MUST GO

Domestic Science Expert Says This Method of Cooking Food Is Wasteful.

Eugene, Ore.—"The frying pan must go," said Miss Lillian Tingle, head of the household arts department of the University of Oregon, before her class on the conservation of food.

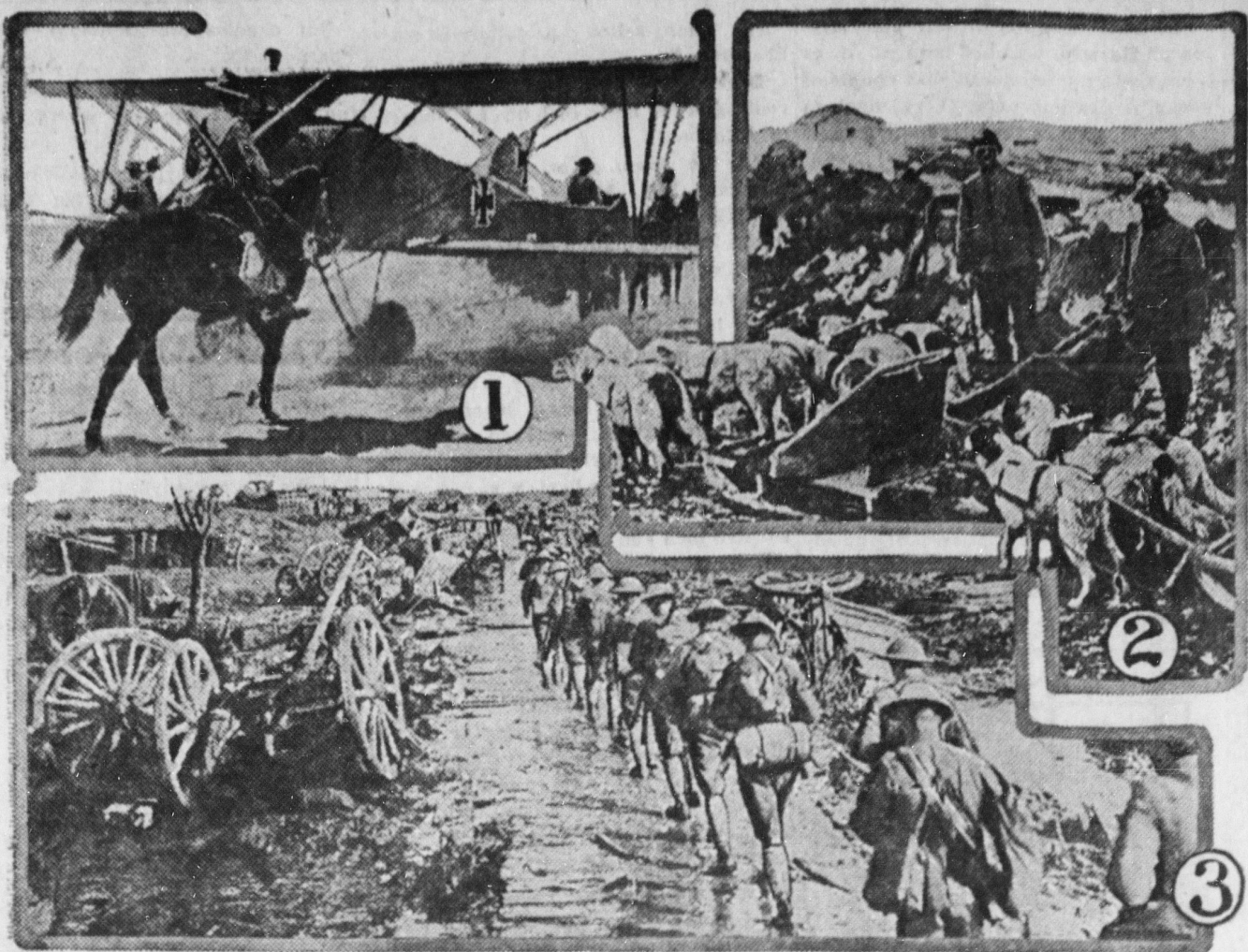
"It is a utensil of the pioneer, who had plenty of food to prepare in the quickest and simplest way. The people of this country always have been wasteful, and unless we reduce materially our consumption of meat we shall face a meat famine.

"French people cook in a casserole, thus saving every bit of the nourishment of the meat. We could learn from them in this matter."

PUPILS TO WRITE SOLDIERS

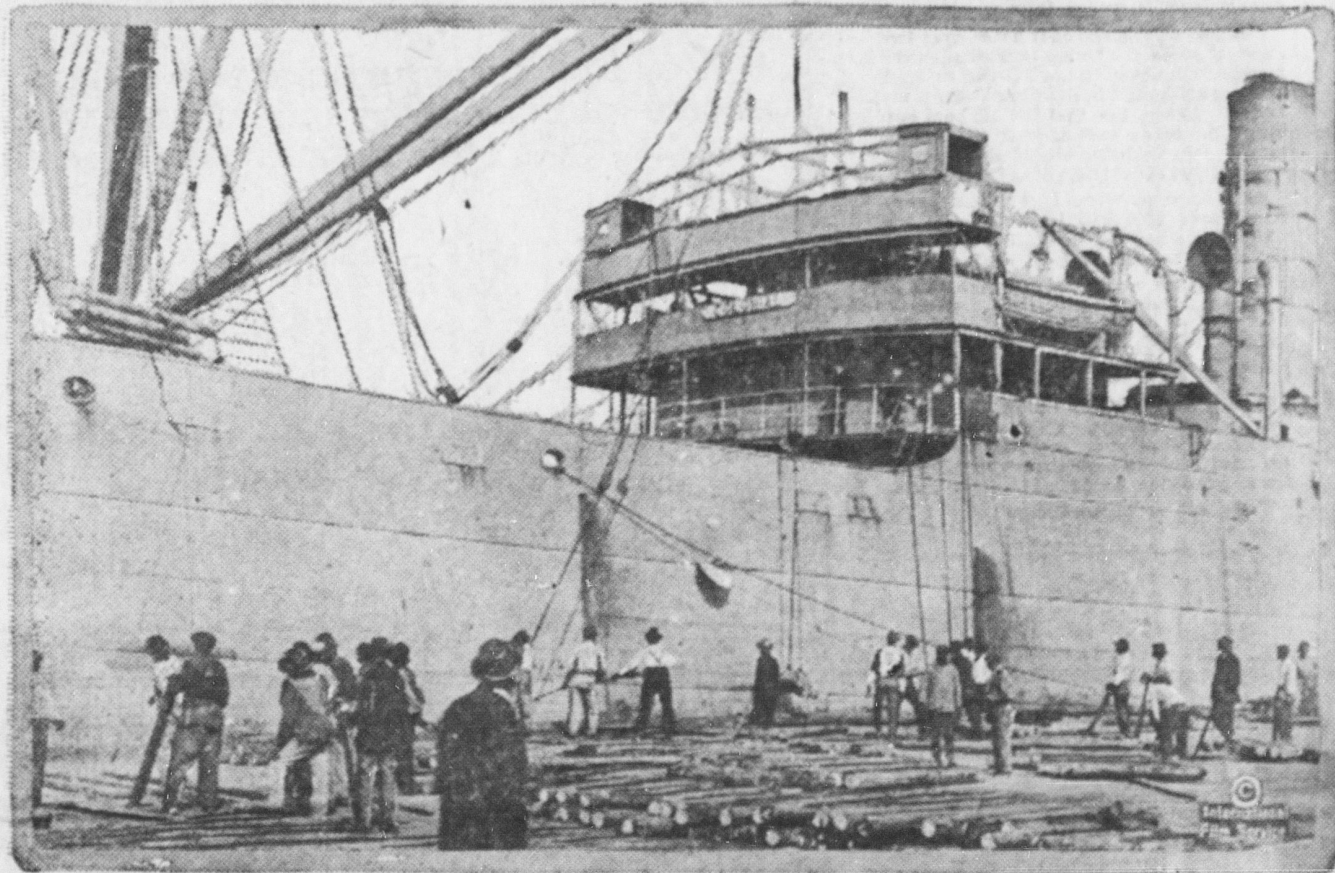
Children of Oregon to Do Their Bit to Brighten Life at Front and in Camps.

Salem, Ore.—Schoolchildren of Oregon are going to do their bit to aid the soldiers of Uncle Sam at the front or in training camps. As part of the regular English work in the schools pupils will be required to write newsworthy letters of local happenings, and those containing real news interest will be forwarded to the soldiers. Scrap books and magazines will be sent to hospitals for the entertainment of convalescing soldiers.



1—German airplane in Palestine, captured by cavalry and being towed to the British camp. 2—Italian war dogs used in the Alps to convey wounded soldiers. 3—Australian troops marching up a battle-scarred road to take their places in the trenches in France.

SHIPPING MUNITION METALS TO THE ALLIES



A steamer being loaded at an Atlantic port with iron and steel bars consigned to government munition plants in France and England. The United States is of invaluable service to its European allies in supplying the tremendous demand for metals used in the manufacture of war materials.

EXHIBIT OF GUNS TAKEN BY THE FRENCH



Hundreds of German guns captured by the French in the battle of the Chemin des Dames are on exhibition for the French populace in front of a famous old church in Soissons.

WILLING TO PAY ANY PRICE

Chinaman Anxious to Use Weighing Machine, Was Trying to Insert Folded Bill in Slot.

As he walked out upon the platform of an interurban station he attracted attention immediately. He was rather different from the ordinary Chinaman. There were the coiled pigtail, flapping trousers and long, loose jacket, but his face was anything but Celestial. While the usual Chinaman expresses only habitual stolidism, this man beamed good humor and intelligent inquisitiveness. Unaware that he was the center of attraction, he walked up to a weighing machine and gingerly inspected it. That he understood its purpose was evident, for he reached down into a

pocket and hauled out a nickel, which he vainly attempted to insert in the slot. This coin did not fit and he tried again with a quarter. Still no success. Evidently this machine of the "foreign devils" required a bigger sacrifice. A half-dollar was forthcoming, and just as he was inserting a folded bill, the station agent rushed out and held his arm.

Pride Before Fall.
"My poor man, how did you happen to come here?" asked the sympathetic prison visitor.
"Overconfidence caused my ruin, ma'am," replied the international crook.
"But I don't understand."
"I had been doing so well I got an idea that all the smart detectives were in books."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

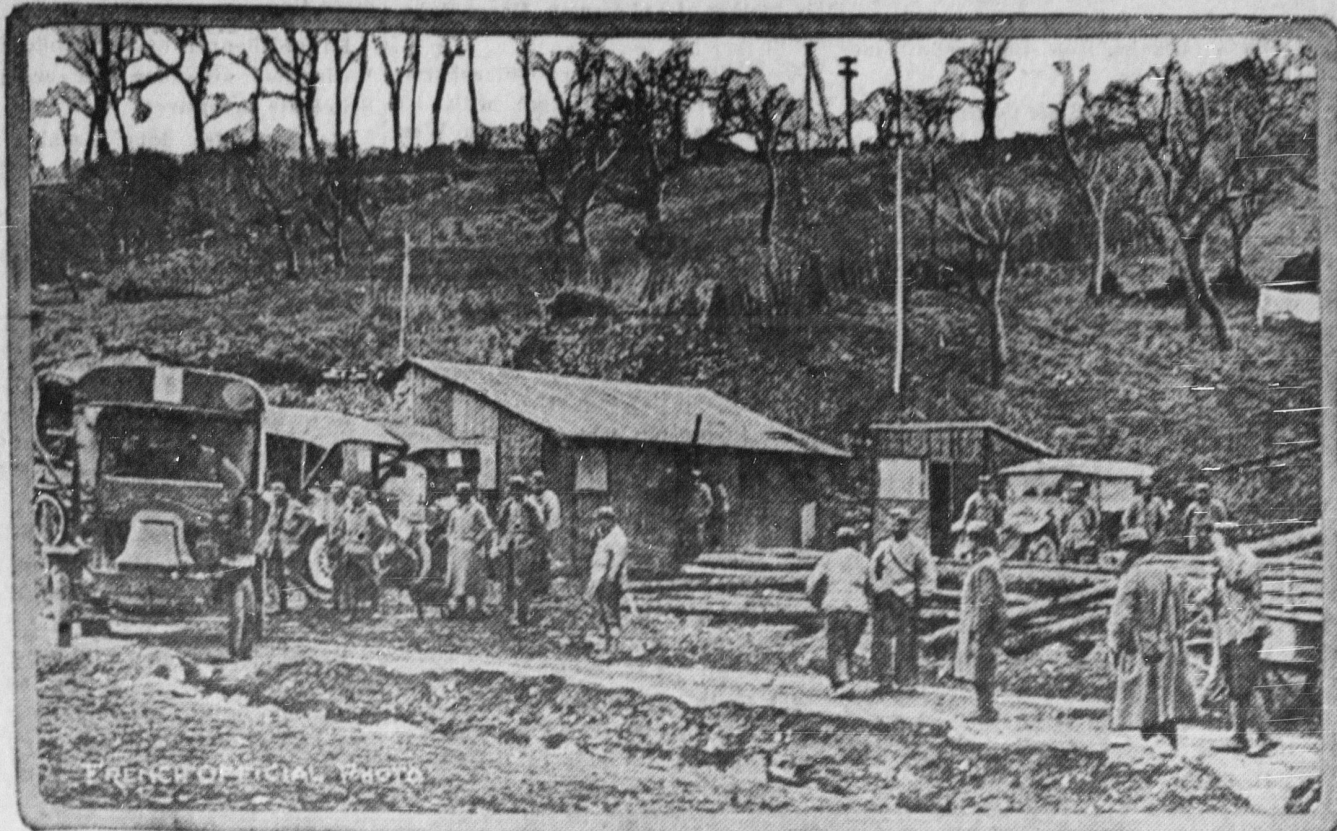
VISITOR FROM ENGLAND



Sir Frederick E. Smith, who was Great Britain's censor during the first year of the war, is now on a visit in the United States. He believes the censorship should not prevent the publication of the heroic deeds of the troops.

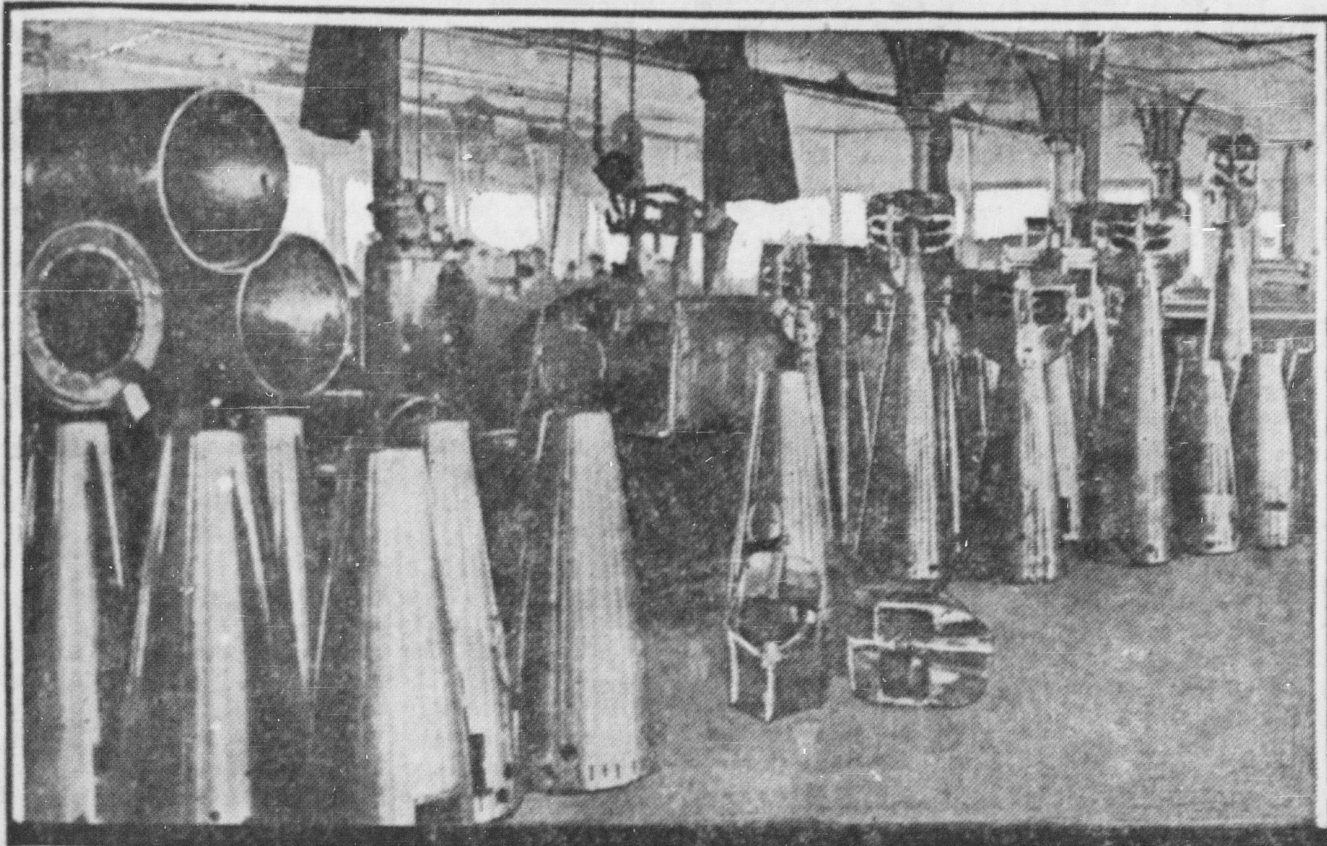
Fish That Do Not Sleep.
"In my room I have a bowl of water containing goldfish. I noticed that these fish never sleep. Sometimes I stay up at night reading until one o'clock, but even at that hour these fish are as frisky as in the daytime, writes a correspondent in the Cardiff Western Mail. I pointed this curious fact out to a friend who is a naturalist, and he told me that there are several species of fish, reptiles and insects which never sleep during the whole of their existence. Among fish, he explained, it is positively known that goldfish, salmon and pike never sleep at all; also that there are several others in the fish family that never sleep more than a few minutes a month."

FRENCH SUPPLY DEPOT IN THE MEUSE SECTOR



A supply depot behind the French lines in the Meuse sector. It is connected by telephone with headquarters at the front, and when emergency supplies are needed they are rushed from this depot by means of auto trucks.

THESE ARE THE THINGS THE SUBMARINE FEARS



Scene in a large factory in France where the finishing touches are being put on torpedoes and on the depth bombs that destroy so many German submarines.

EVEN THE CHILDREN WEAR GAS MASKS IN REIMS



The clouds of asphyxiating gases with which the Teutons drench the allied lines are no respecters of persons, so even the little children in the districts close to the fighting lines must wear gas masks to protect themselves from Hun frightfulness. The tots in this group on their way to school in Reims are all provided with masks.

COMMANDS DEATH COMPANY



This Italian officer, clad in steel armor and helmet, is the commander of a "company of death," made up of men of greatest courage whose task is always most dangerous.

KAISER IN TURKISH FIELD MARSHAL UNIFORM



The most recent picture of Kaiser Wilhelm to arrive in the United States shows him in a Turkish field marshal uniform while he was visiting the German nurses serving at the mosque of Saint Sophia in Constantinople during his diplomatic trip to Turkey.

Here and There.

Snow has been on the ground for fifty-seven days.

Roy Williams, of State College, passed through Bellefonte Sunday on his way to a camp at Watertown, Mass.

Dr. J. E. Ward, the Bellefonte dentist, has overcome the steam heat problem by putting in a stove in his office.

George Gehret left Bellefonte Friday morning for Youngstown, Ohio, where he is employed by the Concrete Steele Co.

Mrs. John Pearl returned home from Altoona, after spending a week at the home of her brother, Edward Doll and family.

Charles Anderson has resigned as one of the bartenders at the Garman House, a position he has occupied for a number of years.

Mrs. Christ Beezer, who lives on a farm near Bellefonte, left for Pittsburgh Saturday to visit with her sister, Mrs. A. J. Fenson.

Mrs. Arthur Peters, of Oak Hall, who was operated upon in the Bellefonte hospital last Friday, is getting along very nicely.

Frank Derstine, of Altoona, was called to Bellefonte Sunday by the serious illness of his father, William Derstine, who resides on Penn Street.

The Misses Benner have closed up their house on High Street and for the present are staying at the Bellefonte Academy, one of the warmest places in the town.

A large number of the farmers of Centre County are praying for a good thaw as they are compelled to haul water for miles both for family use and to water their stock.

Last Thursday evening a party of forty-eight young people from Howard came to Bellefonte in a big sled and spent the evening very pleasantly at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Yerger, on Spring Street.

L. A. Booser and Frank Crawford, of Centre Hall, were in Williamsport last Thursday where the degree of Scottish Rites, a higher degree of Masonry, was conferred upon them.

John Steele, after attending the funeral of his mother, Mrs. William L. Steele, left Friday morning for Camp Hancock, Ga. It is hardly possible he will be back again before going to France.

"Burt" has gone. We mean the old horse, that almost since the days of Noah had traveled High Street from the Brockerhoff House to the depot, died Sunday night. He worked until worn out and finally got down in his stall and couldn't get up again and had to be killed.

The Reformed and Lutheran congregations of Bellefonte had an excellent time worshipping together last Sabbath. Everything passed off very pleasantly and everybody was well pleased with the new arrangement as a war-time measure for saving coal. Dr. Schmidt was greeted by good sized congregations.

Foreign Missionary Day services will be held in St. John's Reformed Church next Sunday morning at 10.45 o'clock. A special order of service, entitled "Come Over and Help Us," will be used. In the evening at 7.30 o'clock Dr. Schmidt will discuss the question "Do Present World Conditions Indicate That the End of the World is Near?"

Saturday morning A. G. Morris, one of the leading business men in this community, was a caller at our sanctum. Despite his advanced age he is one of the youngest men in the town. The fellow who draws anything over him in a business way must get up in the morning to do it. With the thermometer at zero he was out to take the train for Tyrone which has been his custom for some time.

In looking over back issues of a newspaper we find that on January 18th, 1893, twenty-five years ago, residents of Bellefonte thought 8 degrees below zero was extremely cold weather. It might be that some of those people who lived then are in a hotter climate now but what would they have done with the thermometer 22 degrees below zero with no coal or steam heat?

Mrs. M. C. Gepbart, who recently closed out her store in Bellefonte and went to Johnstown to spend the winter with her brother, was an arrival in Bellefonte Friday and remained over night. Saturday she went to Millheim to spend some time among friends. She has not determined what she will do after she gets through down there. She is a very pleasing lady and her Bellefonte friends were glad to see her.

Mrs. A. B. Yorks, formerly of Dover, N. J., is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Houser, at Rock View, for a few days. Mrs. Yorks expects to join her husband at Benton, Pa., from which place they will go to Springfield, Illinois. Mr. Yorks has been transferred from Picatinny Arsenal, at Dover, N. J., to Springfield, where he will be stationed at the Western Cartridge Company as an inspector of powder and explosives for the United States government. Mr. Yorks is a former Centre county boy, graduating from the Bellefonte High school in 1911, and while a junior at Penn State enrolled as a chemist.

Mrs. Miles Dukeman, of Curtin, was a Bellefonte visitor on Friday. She is the mother of policeman Harry Dukeman.

Dr. Walter Stewart, of Wilkes-Barre, visited over Sunday here with his mother, Mrs. Patsy Stewart, on West Linn Street.

Mrs. F. W. Crider has been confined to bed for a number of days, suffering from a very bad cold. Her condition is improved this week.

The residents of Bellefonte shouldn't worry because the steam plant is a thing of the past. They should be thankful that they don't live in Alaska.

John Livingston, who at one time had relatives and friends in Bellefonte, passed away at Clearfield on January 29th. On his birthday he was 83 years of age.

On behalf of the Steele family Miss Olive Steele takes this method of thanking the people who were so kind to them during the late illness and death of their mother, Mrs. W. L. Steele.

Miss Edith Patton, a daughter of Mrs. A. E. Patton, of Curwensville, who has quite a number of friends in Bellefonte, has just graduated from an automobile school at Washington, D. C., and it is probable she will enter the government service as a driver.

While Miss Grace Marvin formerly one of the Bellefonte milliners, was away the last time she ordered and had shipped here four boxes of millinery for spring trade. On Friday she shipped the hats back which shows that her selling out was almost at a moment's notice.

Carpenters in Bellefonte will be in great demand when spring time comes again and the birds begin to sing. They will be called upon to repair the many roofs that have been strained by the water getting under the shingles. It's certainly an ill wind that doesn't do somebody good.

Mrs. Cecil Craig, and her two children, Rose and Effa, of Crayton, her two brothers, Carl and Harvey Steele, who work at Crayton, and their sister, Mrs. Furst Crider, of Lock Haven, accompanied them to Tarentum, Penna., to see her son, Herbert Crider, who is ill with typhoid fever.

With the thermometer down below zero Saturday morning the pesky groundhog saw his shadow and went back into his hole to stay there for the next six weeks. Early that morning it was 23 degrees below zero some places in Bellefonte and the question now is what on earth will the end be? All we can say, go to it old groundhog and do your best.

Mrs. Tate, wife of the late Dr. H. W. Tate, has sent word to her friends that she has decided to make her future home in Philadelphia, and thus has given up her flat in Petriken Hall. She expects to be in Bellefonte by the middle of March and make arrangements for the removal of her furniture. The many friends of Mrs. Tate feel sorry she has decided to leave.

Harry Clevenstine, the proprietor of the City Bakery, in Bellefonte, is now making what is known as "War bread." It is much darker and heavier than the pure white wheat bread but the people are beginning to call for it at the stores. Mr. Clevenstine is doing his best to put a brand of this kind of bread on the market that even dyspeptics can eat. We must all come to it sooner or later.

Thursday of last week Governor Brumbaugh, of Harrisburg, appointed John M. Keichline, Esq., justice of the peace for the West and South wards of Bellefonte. He succeeds G. W. Rees, who at the last election was elected to the office but whose resignation took place at a recent date. Mr. Keichline is no new hand at the business as he for years held the position until he was defeated by Henry Brown.

Fred Eisenbauer, who is quite well known in Bellefonte, applied for license at the hotel at Morrisdale, Clearfield county. The Dry Confederation, of Clearfield, got after him and at a hearing attorney R. D. Swoope asked that the license be rejected because the signers did not certify they were qualified voters of Morrisdale township. Judge Bell ruled that such certificate was not necessary in that it was shown they were electors of the township. He granted the license.

Mrs. Miller, wife of Isaac Miller, formerly toll-gate keeper, on the State road leading from Bellefonte to Pleasant Gap, has been quite ill with pneumonia at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Edward P. Moore, of Tyrone, with whom she has been visiting. The latter part of last week the members of the family were called to the bedside of the venerable woman as no hopes were entertained of her recovery. However, a change took place for the better and she is now getting along nicely.

L. H. Gettig has disposed of his meat market to Clyde Wetzel, a native of Bellefonte but who for many years has been located in Nebraska. Mr. Wetzel is now in charge and has with him Irvin Gettig, who has been identified with the meat market for some time past. In the spring L. H. Gettig will devote a part of his time to the wholesale meat business. Mr. Wetzel is a son of John Harvey Wetzel. He was engaged in the meat business in Nebraska for twenty years or more. He has been in the East since November last.

Black and White cigars are unexcelled. We have them.—Green's Pharmacy Co.

Edward Benner, of State College spent Wednesday afternoon and evening in Bellefonte on business.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lambert spent Monday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Dale, at Oak Hall.

Mrs. J. C. Wian left for Philadelphia Tuesday to spend some time with her daughter, Mrs. Ankenbrand.

Under the new management, as stated last week, the Phillipsburg Ledger will again be issued as a semi-weekly.

S. L. McCracken, of Madera, has been appointed Pennsylvania railroad agent at Bald Eagle. He succeeds the late B. L. Frantz.

The Ladies of the 500 Club gave a surprise party for Mrs. Henry Kline, at her home at the Haag hotel Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hubler, of Lock Haven, spent the week end with Mrs. Hubler's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Gehret, in Bellefonte.

John Waite, of Camp Meade, Md. arrived in Bellefonte Saturday evening and left again Sunday afternoon. He was here on a thirty-six hour furlough.

Diemer Pierce, the Centre County Commissioner of Weights and Measures, doesn't care whether school keeps or not. He is now rejoicing over the arrival of a little girl baby.

On the 1st of July the teachers of Pennsylvania will assemble at The Pennsylvania State College. A large and interesting program is being prepared for this event which will last six weeks.

The Bellefonte Borough Council failed to have a meeting Monday night. President John S. Welker was ill and it was thought proper to pass the meeting out of respect of councilman Hard P. Harris whose mother had just passed away.

Mrs. Myrtle Hubler, of State College, spent part of Sunday and Monday very enjoyably as the guest of Mrs. Della Miller in Bellefonte. On Sunday they attended the funeral of the late Henry Irvin at Unionville. George Irvin, of Conduersport, also attended the funeral of Mr. Irvin.

Dr. E. E. Sparks, president of Pennsylvania State College, about three weeks ago returned from Camp Meade and Camp Dix, where he gave lectures to the soldiers. Friday he left for the South, where he will address the soldiers at the cantonments. He will go first to Florida.

County Treasurer David Chambers writes from Rochester, Minnesota, that he is recovering rapidly from his recent operation and that he fully expects to be able to return home in about ten days. He occupies a room in a hotel and is able to walk about without discomfort. His general condition is all that could be hoped for and he is ready to start for home just as soon as the doctors give the word.

Register Frank Sasserman has qualified for the next long-distance walking tournament. Early Monday morning he started for Phillipsburg via the Central Railroad of Penna. Out at Nigh Bank the train stalled in the heavy snow drifts. Concluding that a strategic retreat was advisable Register Sasserman started to hoof it back to Bellefonte. The State highway was badly drifted the greater part of the way, but after considerable hard work he managed to get back to town.

George Stevens, of Buffalo Run, was a caller at the Republican office Saturday and when asked his opinion about the lazy ground hog going back into his hole and causing six more weeks of extremely cold weather, he just laughed and said the groundhog is the biggest fake on earth. Back in 1880 he said it was a fine day when the groundhog peeped out and went back and instead of it being cold for six weeks there was six weeks of mud in the roads and it was so deep it almost came to the axle on the wagons.

St. John's church (Episcopal). Services for the week beginning Feb. 10: Quinquagesima Sunday, 8 a. m. Holy Eucharist, 10 a. m. Church school, a Missionary service, 11 a. m. Mattins, and sermon, "How are we to keep the Lenten Fast?" 7.30 p. m. Evensong, and sermon, "Charity". Ash-Wednesday, Feb. 13, 7.30 a. m. and 5 p. m. Thursday, 7.30 p. m. special Lenten sermon by the Rev. G. E. Zachary. Friday, 7.30 p. m. Conference, "Have you understood Christianity?" Saturday, 5 p. m. Evensong. Visitors cordially welcome at the regular services and at the Lenten services. Rev. M. DeP. Maynard, rector.

Monday morning John Bullock, Dorsey Hunter, Luther Smith and his brother, John Smith, left Bellefonte on a hike to Centre Hall. Everything was lovely until they began to climb the Nittany mountain when they encountered one snow drift after another, but they were game. They might not have said much but they thought more. They passed a house where snow drifts were up to the second floor. It was after dinner when they reached the desired haven with the thought that the spasm was all over and they would return on the train. The desired train, however, was stuck somewhere in the snow and thus they were compelled to return over the same route. To say the least they had some time getting back.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Harbold, who had been so ill as to require a trained nurse for a couple of weeks, is now improving, very much to the gratification of the parents and their friends.

Joe Kellegher, local yardmaster for the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., on Monday slipped on some ice on the steps of a railway coach and fell so violently as to dislocate his shoulder. He was given prompt medical attention and yesterday was again on the job, although feeling pretty stiff and sore. The same shoulder had been dislocated on two occasions previously. During the period Mr. Kellegher was off duty his assistant, Edward Decker, was in full charge. Although but-recently assigned to duty as assistant yardmaster, Edward took hold of the additional labors and responsibilities in a hustling manner and got through very satisfactorily.



—“and here's your Aetna check”

Mighty nice of the folk to bring flowers and fruit. But of all the gifts, nothing is so comforting as this Aetna check for \$250 every four weeks.

I've had some sleep of it here—over two months since the boiler explosion in the factory. Doubt if I'd have pulled through it if my mind hadn't been at ease about my family. Know, too, that if I did pass out, they'd be taken care of with the \$15,000 they'd get in indemnity and increase from my AETNA DISABILITY POLICY.

As it is, even when I get home, every four weeks \$250 will be coming to me while I'm in bed and then \$25 a week until I'm able to tackle the job again.

Often takes an experience like this to make a man want to

AETNA-IZE

It's a wonder a husky fellow like myself had the forethought. But you never can tell when sickness or accident will grab you—and I wanted to do the right thing by me and the kids. Besides, it costs so little.

Write, call or phone today.

John F. Gray & Son
Bellefonte - Pa.

Try our salted peanuts.—Green's Pharmacy Co.

Miss Elsie Bowen, of Bellefonte, is visiting at the home of John L. Shaver, in Altoona.

On the evening of Valentine Day February 14th, Misses Mary VanDyke and Helen Love will hold a public dance in the Public Building on Howard street. They will charge seventy-five cents a couple. Everything will be in elegant shape to have a good time.

Harry Anallinger, a graduate of the Pennsylvania State College, who was appointed to the ordnance department at Washington, D. C., has been appointed to the rank of detachment commander in charge of a division having a personnel of 1,000 men consisting of commissioned, enlisted men and civilians.

A large steam boiler has been installed in the Crider Exchange building and the tenants there and also in the Crider stone building have been very comfortable during even the extreme cold weather of the present week. The Bellefonte Trust Co., in order to afford all possible comfort for its many patrons, on Tuesday had a large steam boiler shipped here by express from Williamsport and a force of men immediately went to work installing it.

Our candies are delicious.—Green's Pharmacy Co.

Elliott Hollabaugh left Friday morning for East Liberty where he has secured a job.

Dr. E. S. Maloy, the Bellefonte dentist, is just recovering from a severe attack of grippe. The same is true of John Noll, the laundryman.

OSTEOPATHY

Dr. H. E. Thornley

(Formerly of Phila.)

Four-year graduate. Licensed and practicing in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania.

Bellefonte, Mon. Wed. & Fri. State College, Tues. Thurs. Sat.

Mules For Sale!

Always from 100 to 300 head of Horses and Mules of all description for sale at my stable in York, Pa.

JOE KINDIG

SPECIAL THIS WEEK

COUNTRY ONIONS

We have been fortunate to secure a choice lot of country onions and while they last we offer them at the special price of

5 1-2 lbs. For 25c.

Don't delay placing your order. The supply may not last long.

WEAVER BROTHERS

Quality Grocers

Bellefonte, Pa.

Double breasted suits are popular for fall; you see a good one here by Hart Schaffner & Marx.

How to be Economical in Clothes

Here's the answer in a few

words: buy Hart Schaffner &

Marx clothes at this store.



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

These clothes are economi-

cal because they're made of

all wool; because the tailoring

is done by experts; because

the style and fit are right.

Such clothes last a long time and always look well---they're real economy in the long run---we'll prove it.

We can give you the famous Varsity sport styles, and more conservative business suits.

No matter what your figure, we guarantee a perfect fit.

Montgomery & Co.

BELLEFONTE - STATE COLLEGE